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POEMS

BY

SAMUEL BAMFORD,

AUTHOR OF "PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RADICAL," &c.

An aged minstrel next was seen,
Of rustic garb, and thoughtful mein;
A broken chain beside him hung,
And wild and mournful strains he sung.
Of beauty's power, of valour's fame,
And Freedom's never dying name;
And told of days in thraldom pass'd,
Till wrong resign'd her bonds at last.

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TO THE READER.

In offering this volume of Poems to the public, the author cannot be unaware of some disadvantageous circumstances under which it is put forth. Since his last volume of poetry was published,—which is about eight years ago—the attention of the literati of Manchester, and its neighbourhood, has been justly claimed by the productions of a Swain, a Prince, a Rogerson, inhabitants of the town—of a Festus, the circumstance of whose first surprising essay in poetry, having been printed at Manchester, will one day be esteemed an honour to the town—and of Mrs. Hawkshaw, whose interesting poem, “The Areopagite,” has added another name to those destined for immortality.

Perhaps the author would not—having been thus preceded, and being at present, as it were, shadowed by talent of a high order—have ventured to offer his humble tribute to the public, had he not felt persuaded that his brother bards would welcome it to a place in the records of Lancashire Minstrelsy—that it might add a not altogether discordant strain to their harmonious numbers,—and that, being the expression of a mind of more mature years than

863157

theirs,—of feelings derived from, and springing up with, a somewhat harsher fate,—it might perhaps compensate, by originality and strong contrast, for want of smoothness of numbers, and exactness of rhythm.

The progress and tendency of mind amongst the working classes is now becoming every day a subject of deeper interest to the legislator and the philanthropist. Would it had excited their attention earlier!—let us, however, hope that it is not yet too late. The author was born one of the labouring class—he was brought up a weaver, and to such enquirers he respectfully tenders his volume as an exemplification of the growth of mind in one of his condition, and of the direction to which it inevitably tends when nurtured under adverse circumstances—affectedly contemned by ignorance under the garb of pride, and trampled upon by irresponsible power. If the author has detected errors in the enthusiasm of his younger days; if he has acknowledged them, and endeavoured to counteract them, that wholesome improvement may be imputed rather to the more than ordinary range of information, for one of his class, which he had fortunately stored, than to any circumstance likely to affect, in common, persons of his situation in society. It must not be supposed that the under-current of feeling amongst the working classes is, as yet, sufficiently imbued with reflection to hold itself corrected, if necessary. A few might detect the precipice ere they plunged—they might turn upon their dastardly hounders on,—but many—too many,—would follow any halloo promising free game and plenty of it.

It may be said by some, that the tone of these poems is at times too rude or too mournful; the author cannot be responsible for that—it is an accident of his life—the headlong waters will roar; the strong winds will speak mournfully, or fiercely, when chafed; so the feelings of the human heart, when deeply excited, will seek utterance in terms which wait not to be measured; in words too fervid for the ears of the gentle graces.

In youth the author was as blithe as any; as wild and as jocund as the wind; but time has sprinkled hoar on his head, and if some of it has fallen on his heart, it is no wonder. Men call it sternness, coolness, experience; it may be all or any of those, but the result is the same.

In the author's prose work, "Passages in the Life of a Radical," will be found an account of his sojourn from the years 1816 to 1821 inclusive; some glimpses of his early impressions, and of his subsequent condition, may be gathered from the several poems of this collection, and, to the readers of his first-mentioned work especially, they may, perhaps, be acceptable.

It may be stated generally, that from a boy, when not at play or at work, he was always reading—reading anything, and everything he could lay his hands on—of poetry, romance, history, travels, biography: in short, whatever book afforded pleasure or instruction, was to him a companion. Separated in early life from his parents—his mother having died when he was a child—he had no one to give him instruction, and the consequence was, that he read without system, and obtained much less

information than he otherwise would have done. Milton's Miscellaneous Poems; Homer, translated by Pope; Wesley's Hymns, and pieces from "the Speaker," were the chief books in poetry that he had access to in early life. Homer and Milton he drank in with an almost quenchless enthusiasm, and he could soon recite a great part of their works. At last, Currie's Life of Burns fell in his way; he opened it with great curiosity, having heard so much of "this Ayrshire bard;" he read it, and was somewhat disappointed at first, in finding that many of the thoughts and feelings were exactly such as he had long been conversant with. But the more he read, the more did he become aware of the beauty and truthfulness of the verse; he wandered with Burns, in idea, over all his exquisite scenes, enjoyed the humour of his carousals, and, with him, turned to the adoration of divine woman. His romantic "Lass o' Ballochmoyle" was just to the author's taste, and having tried to write a verse of the same stanza, the result was such, as encouraged him to repeat the attempt in other metres, and thus, at intervals, has the present work been produced.

The allusions, in this volume, to one who has been to him, a solacement in all adversities, may be deemed by some to be more frequent than called for; but that also arises from the accidents of a varied, and no very common life. When coldness or repulsion meet us out of doors, what more natural than that we should turn to those who always make us welcome at home? What more becoming? What more manly or womanly subjects for

verse, than our own firesides, and their dear and consoling associates? But affections and home-comforts are not ours alone, they are the common blessings of mankind; why then should not mankind be allowed to sympathize with us?

To those who are conversant with the author's last poetical publication, it will be apparent that the subjects of the present volume have been more carefully selected. Many topics of exciting public interest, which the author does not wish to be a means for perpetuating, are either totally omitted or considerably modified. This may disappoint some over pertinacious friends, but neither can that be avoided, except by the sacrifice of a good and rightful feeling; if we learn not to forget and forgive, how can we expect to be forgiven?—how can we pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we have forgiven those that trespassed against us?"

In addition to improvement from a more strict selection, it will be found that more than one third of these poems have never before appeared in any collection of the author's. The *Wild Rider*, and *La Lyonnaise*, which are of this class, are also two of the longest poems he has ever written, and probably they will be deemed none of his worst. Of *La Lyonnaise* he has to state that a copy of the original appeared in one of the London papers; a friend of his, who was perhaps as conversant with French as with his native English, sent him a translation rendered as literally, line for line, as the language admitted; and this translation the author formed into the verse as it now stands, with the exception of one or two alterations. How far, on the whole, justice has been

done to the meaning of the French poet, others than the author must determine. His conclusions, however, as to the arguments which result from the poem, are quite the reverse of those arrived at by M. Beranger, as will be seen on reference to Note 15, page 155, which he recommends to the attention of the reader.

It is certainly a fair ground for satisfaction to a working man, that he comes before the public with two volumes of prose, and one of poetry, many parts of which he trusts will be candidly allowed to be calculated to do good, and none tending to positive evil. The two prose volumes have already, so far as the press has expressed an opinion, been favourably noticed, and the author hopes that opinion will be confirmed as the work becomes more extensively known. The poetry remains as yet almost unnoticed, but the author awaits the result of its going forth without much anxiety as to its ultimate reception.

His greatest regret with respect to these works arises from his inability to make them cheap—in the book-buying sense of the word. He has already made presents of his prose works to several libraries and public institutions, besides having complied with all the requirements of the law as to copyright, and he cannot well do more at this time. Had he the means he would place a copy within the reach of every poor reading family in her Majesty's three kingdoms, but that is not in his power. He has done his best for his country so far, and with that he must conclude for the present.

Blackley, March 27, 1843.

INDEX.

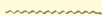
	PAGE
Hymn to Spring	1
The Pass of Death	5
Dialogue with Fame	9
The Call of Wallace	12
Winter's Day and Night	13
A View from the Tangle Hills	16
The Warrior's Ode to Death	20
To a Snow-drop	21
The Wind Unbound	23
Wolsey's Grave	25
The Rosy Beauty	28
Song of the Brave	31
The Labourer's Orison at Sunrise	33
A Head Piece	36
London, fare thee Well!	39
To Samuel Bamford	41
Lines addressed to H.	44
The Wild Rider	49

	PAGE
To Jemima	59
The Song of Freedom	61
Tim Bobbin Grave	63
The Weaver Boy	65
Lament for my Daughter	67
Lines occasioned by the Death of Lord Byron ..	69
Song of the Polish Army	72
The Poet's Consolment of his Wife in Adversity ..	74
The Prediction	77
Autumn and Winter	79
Glenarfon	82
Morisa	84
Brandreth's Soliloquy in Prison	86
Lines written on the Anniversary of my Daughter's Decease	89
Hours in the Bowers	92
The Voice of Glendour	95
The dying Poet to his Dog	97
God help the Poor	101
A Voice from Spain	104
Bright Eyes	107
Lines written in Lancaster Castle	109
The Day-storm of Thunder	110
Lines from the King's Bench Prison	112
A Scene in the same Prison	114
Hymn to Hope	116
Winter	118

	PAGE
Lines addressed to my Wife	119
The Witch o' Brandwood	123
A Dialogue	126
Epitaph on a young Man who was drowned	129
Lines on the Death of a Friend	130
Epitaph on a Boy	132
La Lyonnaise	133
Notes	145



P O E M S .



HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither !
Though with thee comes the strife
Of changeful weather.
Oh ! young and coldly fair,
Come with thy storm-blown hair,
Down casting snow-pearls fair,
For earth to gather !

Approachest thou in shower?
Mist hath enroll'd thee,
Till, changed by viewless power,
Bright we behold thee!
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly by
Green holm and mountain high,
Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
Silent thou rovest;
Where lonely rindles glide,
Unheard thou movest;
Wide-strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thou provest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing;
And lo! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing!

Now comes the driven hail,
 Rattling and bounding;
A shower doth next prevail,
 Thunder astounding!
Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-cloud dun—
And, as the light doth run,
 Glad tones are sounding.

The throstle tunes his throat,
 On tall bough sitting;
The ouzle's wizard note
 By dingle flitting;
The lov'd one, too, is there,
Above his snow-plash'd lair—
He sings, in sun-bright air,
 Carol befitting.

Come ev'ry tone of joy!
 Add to the pleasure;
Sweet robin's melody
 Joins in the measure:
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
 Their sparkling treasure.

The hazle bloom is hung
Where beams are shining ;
The honey-bine hath clung,
Garlands entwining,
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world, his own,
Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither ;
And welcome, too, the strife
Of changeful weather!
Oh! ever young and fair,
Cast from thy storm-blown hair
Bright drops, and snow-pearls fair,
For earth to gather!

THE PASS OF DEATH.⁽¹⁾

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DECEASE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING, AND WITH REFERENCE TO THAT EVENT.

Another's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice
And cried in despair,
"We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst death is waiting there!"

But Time went forth and dragg'd them on,
By one, by two, by three ;
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,
So merciless was he !
And still they go, and still they go,
The slave, the lord, the king ;
And disappear like flakes of snow
Before the sun of spring !

For Death stood in the path of Time,
And slew them as they came,
And not a soul escap'd his hand,
So certain was his aim.
The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sank down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in his blush of health,
And in a moment fell ;
And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolléd into hell ;
And Age stood trembling at the pass,
And would have turned again ;
But Time said, " No, 'tis never so,
Thou canst not here remain."

The bride came in her wedding robe—
But that did nought avail;
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale!
And some were hurried from the ball,
And some came from the play;
And some were eating to the last,
And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,
And rais'd seditious cries;
But, being a "legitimate,"
Death quickly stopp'd their noise!
The father left his infant brood
Amid the world to weep;
And the mother diéd whilst her babe
Lay smiling in its sleep!

And some did offer bribes of gold,
If they might but survive;
But he drew his arrow to the head,
And left them not alive!
And some were plighting vows of love,
When their very hearts were torn;
And eyes that shone so bright at eve
Were closéd ere the morn!

And one had just attain'd to pow'r,
And wist not he should die;
Till the arrow smote his stream of life,
And left the cistern dry!—
Another's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?

And still they come, and still they go,
And still there is no end,—
The hungry grave is yawning yet,
And who shall next descend?
Oh! shall it be a crownéd head,
Or one of noble line?
Or doth the slayer turn to smite
A life so frail as mine?

DIALOGUE WITH FAME.

Who art thou so wondrous fair,
All in glory shining?
Men adore thee ev'ry where—
Answer my divining.

I am that which heroes claim,
For their deeds of daring;
I can raise a humble name—
Why art thou despairing?

Dost thou yonder warrior see,
Weary with destroying?
Shall he hope to climb to thee,
O'er the dead and dying?

.

Waste of life and woe of fight,
Nothing do concern me ;
If the soldier comes in right,
Surely he shall earn me.

One doth heaps of gold amass ;—
If his breath should fail him,
Whither would his mem'ry pass ?
Bright one, wouldst thou hail him ?

If for good he had employ'd
That he lays beside him,
In his life and when he died,
I had not denied him.

One in pulpit prayeth loud,
God with things acquainting :
How shall he become endow'd,
For his noisy sainting ?

If his life be meek and pure,
Moral as his preaching,
Even him I could endure,
When he had done his teaching.

One is mounted on a throne,
Myriads are admiring ;
Canst thou such a king disown,
Splendid and aspiring ?

Is he wise, he merits fame,
And he too shall share it ;
If a fool, the greater shame,
His actions will declare it.

Thou canst raise a humble name,
Mine indeed is humble ;
Should I win a meed of fame,
I have friends would grumble.

Strive to climb yon envied path—
Glory beams above it ;
Though the world should howl in wrath,
Turn and look, and love it.

THE CALL OF WALLACE.

Oh ! come from the valley, Oh ! come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again ;
For a chief hath unfurléd his banner on high,
And the scourge of his country hath dar'd to defy !

Our lands are laid waste and our homes are destroy'd,
Whilst the ravaging Saxon is dwelling in pride ;
Oh ! gather, ye brave ones, in battle array,
And the storm of the carnage shall sweep him away !

What ! shall this usurper be lord of our land,
Nor the sons of its heroes the tyrant withstand ?
And shall it be said that a Scot ever bore
The chains which his fathers had spurnéd before ?

Then come from the valley, and come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again ;
We will rush like a whirlwind, or burst like a flood,
And the sun of his glory shall set in his blood !

A WINTER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

SUPPOSED TO BE DESCRIBED BY A LANCASHIRE RUSTIC.

First comes the white bearded frost at morn,
Next comes the red sun, bald and shorn,
Then comes the sleet, and then comes the snow,
And then, o'er the winter-fields howling doth go,
The dark cold wind forlorn.

What do I see at the broad mid-day ?
Wild birds a-flocking to fly away ;
Brown hare is sitting close under the fern,
Pheasants in cover feed, fowls by the barn ;
Calf doth in crib lie, the kine in their bay,
Dickon is thrashing that weary wet day ;
Dame is at spinning wheel, Mal butter makes,
Betty brews Kesmus ale, Dorothy bakes ;

Cross-mark the dough, and the cream, and the malt,
So that if witch should come, back she must halt.
Heigh then ! for jannocks o' barley and rye !
Heigh ! for a smoking hot potatoe pie !
Heigh ! for the brewing of humming brown ale !
Where there's good meat and drink, work will not fail.

What do I mark at the waning of day ?
Sun, like a truant, goes round-about way,
Down by the south he hangs cloudy and shy,
As if heaven's mid arch were too wide, and too high.
But 'ere he meet the sea's weltering streams,
Will he not turn again with his bright beams ?
Purple and molten gold 'neath him are spread ;
Ruby and amber-light gleam over head.
Oh ! what a deluge of splendour he flings,
Thousands of miles from his burning wide wings !

Now, as I gaze on that glory-lost sky,
Shadows of darkness around me do fly,
And witches are spanning the dolesome black clouds,
To rend into palls, and to shape into shrouds.
I'd better home again, lest it should be
That some of the hags begin spanning for me.
Goodly old psalm tune I'll hum by the way,
For strange things do hap at the close of the day.

Day hath departed, and here cometh night ;
Clouds are fast riding, and stars glitter bright—

Some ope and twinkle, like eyes of fair gold,
Some are a ruby red, some pale and cold.
Oh! what a strewing of diamonds' sheen
Spangles the robe of the night-walking queen!
Oh! what a path-way the Maker hath trod!
Stars are but dust in the footsteps of God.

Hark! what a sounding adown the broad sky!
From the blue star-regions cometh a sigh;
Voice of the troubled wind 'gins to bewail;
Wings of the mighty wind hitherward sail.
Now he comes howling, like ocean's sad roar,
On the lone verge of some desolate shore—
Now he is calling, both loud and forlorn,
For havock to mount and ride with him till morn!
Now he goes crying, like cradle-reft child;
Now whistles shrill, like a night-prowler wild;
Now doth he scream, like an eagle for prey;
Now, like a myriad of steeds, rush away!

I'll get me timeously over the moor,
Shut close my casement, and fasten my door.
Warlocks and night-hags may come on the blast;
I've a good horse-shoe they cannot get past.
Safe there, I'll ponder each notable sight
I marked at morning, noon, evening, and night.

A VIEW FROM THE TANGLE HILLS,

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

The eye of the morning is open wide,
And the sun comes up from the heaving tide
That rolls at the foot of his burning throne,
The girdle of regions that are not known ;
And the bright clouds are lying all tranquilly,
Like islands of glory far away ;
And the wan moon is hung in the deep abyss,
Like something lost from the realms of bliss ;
She leans on her lurid and waning side,
As if she were seeking her face to hide
From the light intense, and the amber glare,
That flash from the God in the eastern air.

Over the earth as mine eye is cast,
The mists of the morning away have pass'd ;
The moorlands dark and far are seen,
The pastures are mantled all in green ;
The trees are adorn'd with spiey buds,
Like scattered gems on the sunbright woods ;
Whilst down in the dell doth the rindle spring,
Glimmering dimly, and murmuring,
Where pebbles are dark and waters clear,
As a slow black eye and a pearly tear ;
And the woodbine is hung over that pale gleam,
And the green moss is creeping towards the stream,
And the tall oaks are up at the light of day,
And waving aloft where the winds do play.

And lo ! what a world is before me spread,
From the fringed dell to the mountain head !
From the spangled turf whereon I stand,
To the bend of heaven and the verge of land !
Like an ocean cradle deep it lies ;—
To the right, to the left, dark hills arise,
And Blackston-Edge, in his sunless pride,
Doth York from Lancaster divide ;
Whilst, on to the south if away we bear,
Oh ! what shall bar our progress there ?
Nought, save the blending of earth and sky,
Dim, and afar as eternity !

But where the vision begins to fail
There seem to be hills of a cloudy pale,
And next is a track of level land,
As if rolléd flat by a mighty hand !
And the kindling smoke of a waking town,
And meadows' sheen, and mosses brown,
And windows glittering in the light,
And a long canal like a streamlet bright,
And the park, once famed for bowmen's play,
And the lordly dome of the noble Grey,
And the vale where Assheton dwelt of yore,
And the hall which Radcliffe knows no more !

What mountain is yonder so dark and cold ?
A spirit hath said, " I am Oaphin of old,—⁽²⁾
I am Oaphin of old, erst the dwelling place
Of the British as well as the Roman race.
I have glens that are deep, I have moorlands wide,
Which I give to thy gaze on the Yorkshire side ;
I have vallies all shining, and waters dumb,
And caverns and rocks where thou dardest not come.
I can point to the path which the Romans made—
To the forts where their summer camps have stay'd :
And altars and symbols are still to be seen,
The relics of nations that once have been—
That once have been, and that are no more—
For one is dust on the Adrian shore,

And of one doth a remnant alone remain,
In the land where their fathers held their reign.
Oh, daughter of Cambria ! lone and fair,
With thine harp that is mute, and thy flowing hair,
And thy cheek so pale, and thy sad look east
Whence freedom and glory for ever have past !
It is but a cloud that is floating by—
Llewellyn's bright banner no more will fly !
It is not the shout of thine armed men,
With Glendower rushing to battle again :
But from thine ocean that cannot abide,
Ariseth the roar of the boiling tide ;
And, 'stead of the song of thine olden day,
Comes the moan of the winds as they hurry away !”

THE WARRIOR'S ODE TO DEATH.

Come not to me on a bed
Of pale-faced sickness and of pining ;
Oh, clasp me close on the battle-field red,
Midst warriors' shouts, and armour shining !
Let me not have priest nor bell,
Sable pomp, nor voice of wailing ;
The roar of the cannon shall be my knell,
And tears with thee are unavailing.
Then clasp me close in the hottest strife,
Where the cut, and the stab, and the shot are rife !

May I fall on some great day,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er me !
Live but to shout for the victory,
And see the rout roll on before me,
And tyrants, from their greatness torn,
Beneath the scourge of justice smarting,
And gaze on Freedom's glorious morn,
My soul to cheer before departing !
Oh, then my life might melt away,
In visions bright of liberty !

TO A SNOWDROP.⁽³⁾

Welcome, thou little modest flower !
Thou ventarest forth in stormy hour,
Bending thine head beneath the shower,
 So meek and low ;
Smiling at hoary winter's lour,
 Amongst the snow.

Welcome, thou little bonny thing !
Glad are the tidings thou dost bring ;
Soon will the grass begin to spring,
 The trees to bud,
And feathered songsters sweetly sing
 In yonder wood.

But ah ! too short will be thy stay,
Lone guest of winter's dreary day !
Scarce will the sun upon thee play
 His beam of light,
Ere thou wilt wither and decay,
 And sink in night.

And so have many sunk beside ;
Some dropping from their tow'ring pride—
Some in their lowliness have died.
 Perchance I may
Look bright upon a stormy world,
 And pass away !

THE WIND UNBOUND.

God doth unbind the enchainéd wind ;
He bids him go, and he straightway goeth !
The mighty one from the Lord is gone—
O'er ocean wide and o'er land he bloweth.

From mountain peak doth he terror shake,
'Mid cavern'd echoes he wildly crieth ;
His wings descend where the pine woods bend—
O'er desert plain in thick cloud he flieth.

On moonles night doth he take his flight ?
Star-spangled regions he then exploreth ;
Flings wide his pinions in heaven's dominions,
And towards God's own palace gate he soareth.

Then back he bends, and to earth descends—
Cloud-rending stormer, the world he shaketh !
Pale Fear lies wailing, the brave are quailing,
The proud he humbles, the strong he breaketh.

On shoreless main, when his path is ta'en,
Howling he calls on that whelming ocean ;
The deep sea cleaveth, the billow heaveth,
And wind and flood meet in dire commotion !

No ship may ride through that dreadful tide—
Stark horror yells, every hope denying :
The fierce wind breaketh, the wave down taketh—
Oh, God ! have mercy upon the dying.,

WOLSEY'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY,

SEPTEMBER, 1829.

Now Wolsey was, in olden time,
A man of high renown ;
And I went forth to seek his grave,
Close by fair Leicester town.
I stood beside the ruin'd wall,
And a damsel passéd by ;
And I said, " Come, shew me, maiden fair,
Where doth Lord Wolsey lie ?"

“ Lord Wolsey, Sir ? there is no lord
Within these Abbey gates ;
There's only Master Warner here,
The land who cultivates ;
And Mistress Warner, and the maids,
And the pretty children dear,
And the men that in the garden dig :
Lord Wolsey is not here.”

An old man labour'd in the ground—
His locks were silver grey ;
I said, “ Where is Lord Wolsey's grave ?
Come, shew to me, I pray.”
He from his labour ceas'd awhile,
And rested on his spade ;
And when he told me he was deaf,
I repeated what I'd said.

“ Lord Wolsey ? why, I never heard
Of such a man before ;
And I am old enough to know—
I'm upwards of fourscore.
There's Well'sley,—he is still alive,—
Who fought through France and Spain ;
My Jack went with him to the wars,
But he ne'er returned again !”

A lady in that garden stray'd,
And her I next address'd :
“ Pray, madam, can you point to me
The place of Wolsey's rest ?”
And she said, neither heap nor sod,
Nor stone, nor pillar grey,
Was left to indicate the spot
Where the once proud Wolsey lay !⁴

THE ROSY BEAUTY.

A little rosy beauty
I chancéd once to spy ;
Within the lonely woodlands
Were only she and I.
Oh ! tell me, precious jewel,
Why strayest thou alone ?
She, smiling, said, " I'm not afraid,
For I have injured none.

“I come each morn a-milking,
I come on ev’ry eve;
But cushy now hath wander’d,
Till lost, I do believe.”
“I’ll go with thee and find her,
Each dell and copse I know,
And where the grass is sweetest,
And where the waters flow.”

Where posies gay were springing,
I led the artless maid,
And where the birds were singing,
Forgetfully we stray’d;
Where blossoms were the whitest,
And where the sward was green,
And where the rill was brightest,
We found a path unseen.

And there I took occasion
To speak of sundry things:
Of life—its short duration—
How riches make them wings;
That true-love was a duty,
A wond’rous pleasure too;
And I whisper’d to that beauty,
“Why may not I and you?”

“ I know thee, my delighter,
And thou hast heard my name ;
I'm not a maiden's slighter,
Thou shalt not blush for shame.”
I took her to my bosom,
And kiss'd her bonny mouth ;
And, Oh ! but it was sweeter
Than honey from the south.

Awhile she stood confuséd,
The tear was in her eye ;
The dove was all unuséd
Unto that fearful joy.
I sooth'd, and I caress'd her,
Until she did incline ;
And, if my love hath bless'd her,
That blessed one is mine !

SONG OF THE BRAVE.

Oh, what is the Life of the brave?

A gift which his Maker hath given,
Lest nothing but tyrant and slave
Remain of mankind under Heaven.

Oh, what is the life of the brave

When staked in the cause of his right?
'Tis but as a drop to the wave—
A trifle he values as light.

And what is the Death of the brave ?
A loss which the good shall deplore ;
Who freedom hath striven to save,
Mankind shall revere evermore !
'Tis the close of a glorious day,
'Tis the setting of yonder bright sun ;
A summons that welcomes away,
To a heaven already begun !

And what is the Fame of the brave ?
'Tis the halo which follows his day ;
The noble example he gave,
Still shining in splendid array !
The blood of the coward runs cold ;
The wise and the good do admire ;
But in the warm heart of the bold,
Oh, it kindles a nobler fire !

Then who would not live with the brave ?
The wretch without virtue or worth.
And who would not die with the brave ?
The coward that clings to the earth.
And who shall partake with the brave
The fame which his valour hath won ?
Oh, he that will fight with the brave,
Till the battle of freedom is done !

THE LABOURER'S ORISON AT SUN-RISE.

How pure the air, how sweet the breeze!
The dewy grass how vernal!
What being hath created these
But Thou, the great Eternal!
A world of goodness spreads around,
A heaven above doth bless me;
But man the foe of man is found,
And laws unjust oppress me!

I gird me for another day
Of labour unrequited ;
My Father and my Deity!
When shall these wrongs be righted ?
Oh ! stretch thine hand out o'er this land,
A strong, a just redresser,
And bid the prostrate poor upstand,
And humble the oppressor !

We ask thee for our daily bread,
Our feeble lives to cherish ;
And lo ! a bounteous feast is spread,
That none for lack may perish.
But king and statesman, peer and priest,
Whom guile hath made the stronger,
Have driven Thy people from the feast,
Condemn'd to toil and hunger !

Oh, Lord ! how long shall this prevail ?
How long thy judgments linger ?
Our little ones for bread do wail,
Their mothers faint of hunger.
Afar we stand, a gloomy band,
Our worth, our wants neglected,
The children in their father-land
Cut off, despis'd, rejected !

“ Oh, Lord ! how long,” the myriads pray,

“ How long this sore despisement ?”

“ There is no God,” the oppressors say,

“ To mete us out chastisement.”

But know, ye proud, ye sordid crowd,

A storm shall yet o’ertake you,

When God’s right hand comes o’er the land,

Like wither’d stems to break you !

To humble your obdúrate pride,

To ope your sealéd garner,

Rough-shod, a mighty cause shall ride

O’er your uplifted scorners ;

And change you like the feather’d snow,

The melting sun hung o’er it ;

And whirl you as the wind doth blow

The desert dust before it !

A HEAD PIECE.

I'll begin with her hair,—
It is comely and fair,
And the witch hath wrought her tresses
Into many a snare.

Like a rampart of snow,
Her forehead doth show ;
And from her arched eyebrows,
I look down below.

And what do I see ?
Oh! a bonny wick e'e;
In the language of heaven
It is speaking to me.

Next her nose doth arise,
Dividing her eyes;
'Tis just what a nose should be,
In form and in size.

And the lily so meek
May be found on her cheek;
And the blush of the rosebud,
It hath not to seek.

That posy is sweet,
Its beauty complete,
Where the rose and the lily fair
Together do meet.

I cannot o'erskip
Her bonny red lip,
All hung with melting kisses,
For her true love to sip.

And were it not a sin,
I would worship her chin,
When it shews that little dimple,
And a cupid within.

To finish my dear,
Let me peep at her ear ;
Ah ! the lock and the gowden ring
Are revelling there.

LONDON, FARE THEE WELL.

Sunny light is breaking
Over dale and hill ;
Nature is awaking
From her slumber chill :
Winds that blow around us
Whisper softly bland,
While the streams that bound us
Murmur through the land.
Should I for the city
Leave the vocal dell ?
'Twere indeed a pity—
London, fare thee well !

Whilst my heart's contented,
Let it so remain ;
Luxuries unwanted
I can yet disdain ;
And, should I be gazing
At the ladies fair,
Might not such amazing
Beauty cause despair ?
Rather would I meet one
Lonely in the dell,
And steal a kiss, a sweet one,—
London, fare thee well !

TO SAMUEL BAMFORD,

NOW PRISONER IN LINCOLN CASTLE, FOR HAVING LED A NUMBER OF HIS
FELLOW TOWNSMEN, BEARING A BANNER INSCRIBED, "UNITY AND
STRENGTH," TO THE PEACEABLE MEETING OF ENGLISHMEN AT MAN-
CHESTER, ON THE SIXTEENTH OF AUGUST, 1819.

BAMFORD, an unknown friend would bring,
The best he can, his offering
Of humble verse to thee ;
And sure a tribute is thy due,
From all who ever lov'd or knew
The MUSE and LIBERTY !

My purpose is not to condole
With thee ; I know thy noble soul
 Condoling strains would scorn.
A lot like thine I rather deem
Of 'gratulation is a theme,
 For Freedom's sake when borne.

'Tis glorious, in a cause like hers,
To rank among the sufferers ;
 More glorious than to be
A mighty nation's conqueror,
Or the imperious arbiter
 Of a world's destiny.

And none who hath a freeman's heart,
Who loves to act a freeman's part,
 Would change his dungeon, where
No ray, save innocence, hath shone,
For all the splendours of a throne
 Which guilt hath help'd to rear.

The PATRIOT, torn by tyranny
From every best and dearest tie,
 From kindred, child, and wife ;
From all the objects of his love,
Whose smiles could make an Eden of
 This barren wild of life ;

Possesses, in the holy thought,
His country's were the ends he sought,
Support and peace divine ;
And feels within an happiness,
Which none, who know not, can express—
And, BAMFORD, these are thine !

And thine to know that in the time
Of freedom's triumphing, sublime, ⁽⁶⁾
Thy wrongs will ever prove
The seal of TRUTH upon thy claim
To that imperishable fame
Which HIGH-SOUL'D PATRIOTS love !

The GOD of JUSTICE grant it may
Be thine to see, to sing that day,
Magnificent and grand,
And thine to write the funeral song
Of the base tyranny which long
Hath cursed our native land !

H.

Manchester, June 5th, 1820.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO H———,

IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

What bard unknown hath deign'd to bring
To such as me an offering

Of verse, which might not shame
The sweetest lyre, the proudest lay,
That ever wak'd its melody
To liberty or fame?

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, I know

Thy soul hath felt that holy glow

Of patriotic fire,

Which, burning ever bright and pure,

Shall to the end of time endure,

When all things shall expire.

Ah, why till now hath not been heard
 Expression of thy kindly word ?

How glad should I have been
 To stray with thee o'er field and flower,
 To moorland high, or to the bower
 Of shady woodland green !

Or where the breezes softly rise
 In whispers and in gentle sighs,
 Beside that streamlet clear,
 Where in the twilight I have known
 The lovelorn beauty steal alone,
 Perhaps to meet her dear.

We could have pluck'd each flower that grows,
 The violet and the bonny rose
 Which blossoms on the brier ;
 And I had listened whilst thou sung—
 For my hoarse pipe had tuneless hung
 If thou hadst touch'd thy lyre.

But time and tide roll swift away,
 And they will usher in a day
 When I may sure be free
 To rest me at my long lost home,
 Where, if thou condescend to come,
 Most welcome shalt thou be.

Thou sayest right, 'tis not for me
To mourn beneath the tyranny
 Which holds me in a chain ;
No ! though awhile its power I brook,
Mine heart can feel, mine eye can look,
 Defiance and disdain !

I would not change my iron bed
For all the downy couches spread
 Around corruption's throne ;
Nor would I give my prison fare
For all the delicacies rare
 Which pampered wealth doth own.

And why indeed should I repine ?
The crown as well as cross is mine ;
 And if the crown I claim,
It must not be when comes the day
Which dealeth out adversity,
 That I should shun the same.

Nor do I feel of aught the want
That conscious innocence can grant ;
 For she is ever nigh,
With healing in her lily wing,
Dispelling care and sorrowing,
 And giving peace and joy.

There was an eye that pour'd the tear,
 And every drop was doubly dear ;
 And there was one beside,
 The little nestling of my heart,
 It clung to me and would not part,
 Nor yet be pacified.

I heard it cry, I saw them weep,
 Oh, how did I my full heart keep,
 Amid the agony !
 I gave them to that God on high,
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
 And to my country.

And though, perhaps, their tears are dried,
 Yet they have deeply ratified
 My wrongs and injuries ;
 For which I know there is in store,
 Vengeance a hundred-fold or more,
 Upon mine enemies.

Oh, let them in their darkness sleep,
 Whilst hell doth from her ambush creep
 To snatch her mighty prize—
 The pimp of power, the venal slave,
 The trickster-playing fool and knave,
 And all their host of spies.

Then, bloated pride shall bite the dust ;
Oppression, cruelty, and lust,

 Shall rule the land no more !

And they who slew may look about,

For there perhaps may be a rout

 To pay for one before !

THE WILD RIDER.⁽⁷⁾

A LEGENDARY TALE.

PART FIRST.

Now, unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,
And the gallant young knight he soon heard of the same.
That a gentle young damsel had passéd that morn,
And was gone up a-hunting with hound and with horn ;
“And oh !” said Sir Ashton, “if that be the case,
Methinks I would fain join the maid in the chase,
And so, bid my groom-boy, withouten delay,
Bring forth my white hunter,—I’ll ride her to-day.”

And soon his white hunter was led to the gate,
Where, neighing and pacing, she scarcely would wait ;
She champ'd the steel bits, and she flung her head high,
As if she would fain snuff the air of the sky,
And wist not to breathe the low wind of the plain,
Which spread, like a white cloud, her tail and her mane :
“ And oh !” thought the knight, as he view'd her with pride,
“ The game shall be love when my Arab I ride !”

The knight he rode south, over Blakeley's high land,
But tidings he heard not of maid or her band ;
The knight he rode east, t'wards the uprising sun,
But the broad heaths of Moston lay silent and dun ;
And then he sped north, but she did not appear ;
The cry of the hunter came not to his ear,
Till o'er lonely Syddall awoke a far strain,
And he rode till he join'd the fair maid and her train.

And who was the maiden, that, pluméd so gay,
Went forth with the hounds and good hunters that day ?
And why did the damsel make slight of all heed,
Or whither she went with her hound and her steed ?
And why reck'd she little of all that gay band,
But still cast her long-looking gaze o'er the land ?
And smil'd not, though often she turnéd and sigh'd,
Till a snowy white courser afar she espied ?

Sweet Mary, twin rose of the Asshéton line,
Is she who comes forth like a Dian divine ;
And often the knight and the damsel, of late,
Had met at the hunting, through love or through fate ;
And now she bade welcome, with maidenly pride—
The knight wav'd his hand, and rode on by her side ;
But ere the old woodlands of Bowlee were cross'd,
Both knight and fair maid to the hunters were lost.

For there, whilst the chase hurries on like the wind,
'The twain of young lovers have tarried behind ;
And leaving their steeds, the deep woodlands they pace,
His arm round the maid, and his looks on her face ;
He whispers sweet words from his heart's inmost core,
He would love her through life, and through death,—
could he more ?

And fondly, in tears, she enplighteth her vow,
“ In life and in death, I'll be faithful as thou !”

PART SECOND.

Now, unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,
And soon was the knight made aware of the same,
That Mary, his lov'd one, was held in deep thrall,
Close bolted and barr'd, down at Middleton hall ;
And that her old father had sworn by his life,
His daughter should ne'er to Sir Ashton be wife ;
And that one Sir Morden,* a knight from south-land,
Was come down to claim Lady Mary's fair hand.

Oh ! woe unto true-love, when kindred severe
Would stifle affection, and chill its warm tear !
And woe unto true-love, when trials come fast,
And friendship is found but a shadow at last !
And woe to the heart that is reft of its own,
And bidden to languish in sorrow alone !
But woe beyond weeping is that when we prove,
That one we love dearly hath ceaséd to love !

* This is a misnomer, as the monument of the last of the Asshetons in Middleton church testifies. The name should be Harbord.

Thus mournful the fate of the maid did appear ;
Her sire, though he lov'd her, was stern and austere,
And friends who came round her, when bright was her day,
Were silent, or doubtful, or kept quite away.
But Hope, like an angel, bright visions still drew,
And pictured her knight ever constant and true,
Till one came and told her he'd ta'en him a bride ;—
Her young heart then wither'd, her tears were all dried.

How sweet is the music of wedding-day bells,
On sunny-bright uplands, and down the green dells ;
All gaily melodious it comes in the air,
As if undying pleasure were carolling there ;
As if golden-wing'd seraphs had broken astray,
And were playing on cymbals for bright holiday !
E'en such was the music one gay morning time,
Which the bells of Saint Leonard's did merrily chime.

And why rang Saint Leonard's that merry-mad tune ?
And why was the church path with flowers bestrewn ?
And who was that marble-pale beauty, that mov'd
As nothing she hop'd for, and nothing she lov'd—
Who gave her white hand, but 'twas clammy and cold,
Who sigh'd when she look'd on her ring of bright gold ?
Oh Mary ! lost Mary ! where now is thy vow,
“ In life and in death, I'll be faithful as thou ? ”

PART THIRD.

It was night, and the merry toned bells were at rest,
The cock on his roost, and the dove in her nest ;
The bride in her chamber sat weeping apart,
For solace was none for her young bleeding heart :
The heavens howl'd wildly, the stars were all pale,
The clouds hurried back 'gainst the stream of the gale ;
The young knight went riding, no one whither knew,
But mournfully silent, he slowly withdrew.

In a ruinous cottage at Cambeshire barn,
An old wither'd crone sat unravelling yarn ;
A few heapéd embers lay dusty and white,
A lamp, green and fetid, east ominous light ;
A brindled cat mew'd as it hutch'd by the hob ;
A broody hen crow'd from her perch on a cob ;
The lamp it burn'd pale, and the lamp it burn'd blue,
And fearfully ghast was the light which it threw.

“And who cometh here?” said the mumbling old crone,
“And why comes a gentleman riding alone?
And why doth he wander areawt* such a night,
When the moon is gone down, and the stars give no light;
When those are abroad who would stab a lost child,
And the wind comes up muttering fearful and wild,
And the hen ’gins to crow, and the malkin to mew,
And my grave-fatted lamp glimmers dimly and blue?”

A knocking was heard at the old hovel door,
And forth stepp’d a dark muffled man on the floor;
He threw back his mantle of many a fold,
And he crossed the wan palm of the sybil with gold.
“Now, Sir Knight of Alkington, what wouldst thou know,
That, seeking my home, thou entreatest me so?
The world-sweeping mower thy heart-wound must cure;
And she who lies mourning hath more to endure!

“But, warning I give thee, a sign from afar—
There’s a cloud on thy sun, there’s a spot on thy star.
Go, climb the wild mountain, or toil on the plain,
Or be outcast on land, or be wreck’d on the main:
Or seek the red battle and dare the death wound,
Or mine after treasure a mile under ground;
For, sleeping or waking, on ocean or strand,
Thy life is prolong’d, if thou hold thine own hand.”

* Areawt—out of doors—abroad.

What further was said 'twixt the knight and the crone
Was never repeated, and never was known ;
But when he came forth, to remount him again,
One, fearful and dark, held his stirrup and rein—
His horse it stood shaking and cover'd with foam,
It ran with him miles ere he turn'd it t'wards` home ;
The grey morning broke, and the battle cock crew,
Ere the lorn-hearted knight to his chamber withdrew.

PART FOURTH.

And who hath not heard how the knight, from that day,
Was altered in look, and unwont in his way ;
And how he sought wonders of every form,
And things of all lands, from a gem to a worm ;
And how he divided his father's domain,
And sold many parts to the purchasers' gain ;
And how his poor neighbours with pity were sad,
And said, good Sir Ashton, through love, was gone mad ?

But, strangest of all, on that woe-wedding night,
A black horse was stabled where erst stood the white ;
The grooms, when they found him, in terror quick fled,
His breath was hot smoke, and his eyes burning red ;
He beat down a strong wall of mortar and crag,
He tore his oak stall as a dog would a rag,
And no one durst put forth a hand near that steed
Till a priest had read ave, and pater, and creed.

And then he came forth, a strange beautiful thing,
With speed that could lead a wild eagle on wing ;
And raven had never spread plume on the air
Whose lustreful darkness with his might compare.
He bore the young Ashton—none else could him ride—
O'er flood and o'er fell, and o'er quarry-pit wide ;
The housewife, she blessed her, and held fast her child,
And the men swore both horse and his rider were wild !

And then, when the knight to the hunting field came,
He rode as he sought rather death than his game ;
He halloo'd through woods where he'd wander'd of yore,
But the lost lady Mary he never saw more !
And no one durst ride in the track where he led,
So fearful his leaps, and so madly he sped ;
And in his wild phrensy he gallop'd one day
Down the church steps at Rochdale, and up the same way.

And sad was the fate which the lady befel ;
She liv'd with a husband she never lov'd well.
The hall of her fathers was pull'd to the ground,
The home of her childhood in ruins she found ;
The land was all rack'd to yield hoardings of gold ;
And underlings base did authority hold.
'Twas said that Sir Ashton his own life destroy'd,
And Mary was buried by dead Morden's side.

TO JEMIMA.

How happy may we be, my love!
How happy may we be,
If we our humble means improve,
My wife, my child, and me.
Our home shall be a turtle's nest,
Where duty, peace, and love,
Shall make its inmates truly blest,
And sorrow far remove.

And if the world upon us frown,
Still peace serene is ours;
It cannot bear the free mind down,
With all its tyrant powers:
For if they bear me far away,
And bind me with a chain,
Our nestling will beside thee stay—
Then do not, love, complain.

But, virtue only can endow
 With happiness secure ;
For virtue learns her vot'ries how
 Each trial to endure.
How wretched is the feeble mind
 That shrinks at ev'ry blast !
Whilst virtue is a bulwark kind,
 Enduring to the last.

There fortified, the storms of fate
 Around us harmless howl ;
No coward-terrors they create
 To shake the steadfast soul :
We calmly pass through life, my love,
 And many sweets enjoy ;
And, when it please the Power above,
 Without a murmur die.

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

TUNE.—“ Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.”

Parent of the wide creation,
We would counsel ask of thee ;
Look upon a mighty nation,
Rousing from its slavery.

If to men our wrongs are stated,
We are but the faster bound,
All our actions reprobated,
No redress for us is found.

Thou hast made us to inherit
Strength of body, daring mind ;
Shall we rise, and in thy spirit
Tear away the chains that bind ?

Chains, but forgéd to degrade us,
Oh, the base indignity !
In the name of Him who made us,
We will perish, or be free.



TIM BOBBIN' GRAVE. 81

I stoode beside Tim Bobbin' grave
 'At looks o'er Ratchda' teawn;
An' th' owd lad 'woke within his yerth,
 An' sed, "Wheer arto' beawn?"

"Awm gooin' into th' Packer-street,
 As far as th' Gowden Bell,
To taste o' Daniel, Kesmus ale."
TIM.—"I cud like o saup mysel'."

“ An’ by this hont o’ my reet arm,
If fro’ that hole theaw’ll reawk,
Theaw’st have o saup o’th’ best breawn ale
’At ever lips did seawk.”

The greawnd it sturr’d beneath my feet,
An’ then I yerd o groan ;
He shook the dust fro’ off his skull,
An rowlt away the stone.

I brought him op o deep breawn jug,
’At o gallon did contain ;
An’ he took it at one blessed draught,
An’ laid him deawn again !

THE WEAVER BOY.

“ Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay !
And deign to lend an ear ;
Fair lady, seekest thou thy love ?
Thy truest love is here.”
“ And how dost thou presume to love,”
The lady gay replied,
“ A maid so much thy rank above,
Both rich and dignified ?
Hence, simple boy, and learn to know
That ladies do not look so low.”

“ Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay !”

With tears the youth did cry ;
And the gentle maid once more hath stay'd
Before the pleading boy.

“ My station thou art far above,
That truth too well I know,
Since thou hast bought my work of love,
And yet condemn'st me so.”

And how is 't that the maid did say,
“ Speak, for I can no longer stay ?”

“ Fair lady, as at work I sat,
And wrought that garment fine,
A winged child, who lisp'd and smil'd,
Foretold it should be thine ;
He took a fibre from my heart,
And trac'd that pattern dear,
And dy'd it with my love-warm blood,
And wash'd it with my tear !”
With melting eye the maid did say,
“ Take comfort till another day.”

LAMENT FOR MY DAUGHTER.

My angel child ! my angel child !
Gentle, affectionate, and mild ;
Her arms around my neck she coil'd,
And look'd, and wept, my angel child !

She wept that we so soon must part ;
She knew that death was near her heart.
We were but three, O, God above !
Couldst Thou not spare that group of love ?

Oh, mournful hour! oh, anguish deep!
She, weeping, bade me not to weep;
And meekly in her tears she smil'd,
Like sunbeam east on ruin wild.

Sweet flowers unto her grave I bring,
To bloom, to die, in early spring;
All pure, and beautiful, and mild,
Like my lost dove, my angel child!

HER EPITAPH.

To the gentle and blest,
Who hath come to her rest,
An offering meet
In season appears;
All beautiful and sweet,
Flowers, nursed in tears.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON, AND BY SOME CIRCUMSTANCES
CONNECTED THEREWITH.

I saw the sun go down—
And in that dark'ning time,
From earth to sky uprose the cry
Of many a tongue and clime.
By Valtos, where Botzaris fell,
The mailéd freeman stood and cried
Until his fount of tears was dried :
And Britain, too, could tell
How she had gloried in that day,
How mournéd when it pass'd away !

And, as I look'd again, behold
A fearful sight advance !
For up there came the cold, cold moon,
That dream'd not of a night so soon.
I mark'd her placid glance ;
Serenely still she kept her sky,
Her head unbow'd, her tearless eye
Betray'd a mien that might not move
At death, or agony, or love.
And curl'd around her crested horn,
I saw a snake of fire,
Which utter'd words of bitter scorn ;
Interminable ire
Dwelt on the tongue of that strange thing,
That round and round the moon did cling !
Of broken vows, of pride that bled,
The scorching reptile ever spoke ;
Anon, it toss'd its scaly head,
That flash'd as if the lightning broke !
When cruel words and passions woke
It nurs'd the flame, and kept it burning ;
To love, to duty, no returning
Was ever known ;—no sigh, no tear,
Hath stray'd from that unmelting sphere !

The present race of men shall die,
Before another sun
Arise so bright, or soar so high,
As, lost one, thou hast done !

The priest is laughing 'neath his robe,
The tyrant on his throne;
In hollow phrase they dole forth praise
Far better let alone.
E'en that which "should as air be free,"
Doth speak in guarded words of thee;
Whilst bigotry and power do stand
In dark conjunction o'er the land!

SONG OF THE POLISH ARMY ON ITS
RETREAT FROM WARSAW.

We meet at the home of our fathers no more,
But we leave it all red with the Muscovites' gore!
They came like the hunger-press'd wolf to his prey,
Who cannot, who will not, be turnéd away.
They came like the waves of the deluging main,
Their living surmounting their masses of slain;
And onward, and onward, they bore to the strife,
To the gushing of blood, to the gasping of life;
Till the trenches were choaked with the thousands we slew,
And their blood hath descended in rain and in dew,
And their corsees are feeding the fowls of the air,
At the banquet of death, on the field of despair!

Oh, home of our fathers! the noble and brave
Can never lie down in the lair of the slave;
And thou art defiled by a barbarous horde,
Who know not a will save the will of their lord;
Who rise at his bidding the lands to oppress,
Who come at his calling the bless'd to unbless;
Who, howling and wild from their deserts afar,
Bring famine and pestilence unto the war—
Gaunt famine subduing the soul and the breath,
Wan pestilence bending our heroes to death!
They dar'd, they endur'd, without murmur or sigh,
Though nations stood silent and motionless by!

Oh, home of our fathers! we bid thee adieu—
To freedom and glory our hearts are still true;
Nor yet we abandon the land we adore—
A battle is lost, but the war is not o'er.
When myriads surround and approach to devour,
For refuge we turn to the fortress and tower;
And there from a thousand loud cannons we cry,
“Come die at the feet of the free, come and die!
Come on with your phalanx, your courser and spear,
The sons of Sarmatia are rallying here;
Your parley we scorn, and your wrath we defy,
Come die with the free and the brave, come and die!”

THE POET'S CONSOLEMENT OF HIS WIFE
IN ADVERSITY.

Now to the wilderness away !
Belovéd, come with me ;
Since yon base lord hath ta'en our home,
And we are bare and free :
For I have found a little nest
To shelter thee and me ;
Love, I have found a place of rest,
And let us thither flee.

What, though our bed be not of down—
 Though moss and fern it be,
Shorn by the steep of Tandle-shaw,
 Where the wind blows sweet and free ;
The rest of peace, and healthful sleep,
 Shall comfort thee and me :
Then stay not love, to gaze and weep,
 But come and happy be.

What, though our pillow be not down—
 Though heather flowers it be,
Shorn by the steep of Gerrard's side,
 Where the rill glents bonnilie ;
Thy dreams by night shall be as bright
 As lady gay doth see :
Love, take thy rest upon my breast,
 Which beats so true for thee.

I'll bring thee sweet milk from the cow,
 And butter from the churn,
And fuel from the dingle side,
 And water from the burn ;
And thou shalt be so happy there,
 Thou never wilt return :
Love, thou shalt be so happy there,
 Thou wilt forget to mourn.

We've seen the world, we've known the world,
 Its frown, its promise fair—
Its vanities of vanity,
 Its pleasure and its care ;
The strife for life, the death-woe rife,
 The hope against despair,
The loss, the gain ; oh ! why remain ?
 Our lost one is not there !

Then come, my wife, my only love,
 Bright hours are yet unflown ;
Come home unto the solitudes,
 Afar from tower and town.
Like birds we have been wandering,
 Where storms have rudely blown ;
Now let us rest our weary wing,
 Before the sun goes down.

THE PREDICTION.⁽⁹⁾

Babbler of St. Stephen's hall,
Hear a Bard's prediction ;
Ponder on his warning call,
Deem it not a fiction.
Sure the day, and sure the doom,
Sure his prophesying,
Frightful horror, thickest gloom,
Darkeneth thy dying.

Hated as thy deeds have been,
Fearful be thy ending ;
Mutes and mourners are not seen,
Child nor wife attending.
Rend away the plume and pall,
Coffin, scarf, and shroud, too ;
Ravens to the feast may fall,
Dogs may be allow'd too.

Not respected is thy life—
Die then, unlamented ;
Pistol, dirk, or whetted knife,
Take thee unrepented.
Death shall pluck thee from thine height
Of unblest ambition ;
Gripe thee with resistless might,
And dash thee to perdition !

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

Autumn blythe is come again,
With her brown and merry train ;
I caught a sweet glance of her face—
With a sickle in her hand,
She came o'er the gowden land,
And reapers came shearing apace.

Low, they bend as they step,
And they hook, and they grip,
Cut and carry with hook and with hand ;
Merry gleaners sing behind,
Sweet as viol of the wind,
For the poor still have joy in the land.

“ Blessed one is he who leaves
By his furrows and his sheaves,
A handful to comfort the poor ;
Winter thorough shall he rest,
With his harvest hous'd and bless'd,
And no wail shall be heard at his door.”

Now the cherry-lipped maid
Unto orchard bower hath stray'd,
Where the plums are all dropping adown,
And the apple, bright as gold,
On the soft green sward hath roll'd ,
And the sweet pear so melting and brown.

Bonny Bess and rosy Kate
Are gone down through the gate,
Twain fairer are seldom afield ;
And with each a handy fork,
They set cheerfully to work
At the drills which the pótatoes yield.

There's Red-farmer, dusky Sweep,
(That's a famous sort to keep),
And Pink Eye, and rough-coated Rad,
Food for ladyship or Queen,
Bacon slice, or beef between,
And a jack of good ale let them add.

Now the carrots should be dug,
Up with turnips by the lug,
And earth them withouten delay;
Whate'er weather then betide,
We can shelter or abide,
And let Winter come on as he may.

Hark ! the old ruffian's shout,
Leading storm and wassail rout,—
Maiden Frost stepping crisply before,
Strewing hoar on fallen leaves,
Painting windows under eaves,
Warning Autumn to linger no more.

Fuel stack is huge and round,
Cottage roof is thatch'd and bound;
There are brown ale and bread on the board.
Winter ! bring thy wassail band,
Clog on foot, and glove on hand,
Hearty welcome art thou as a lord !

GLENARFON.

TUNE.—“Y’ GADLESS,” “THE CAMP OF THE PALACE,” OR, “OF
WHAT A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN!”

Awake the voice of Arfon’s praise—
Glenarfon, son of ancient days!
Descending from the depth of Time,
Behold Glenarfon’s race sublime!
Proclaim their deeds;—they come! they come!
In glory o’er the clouded tomb;
For though in death their ashes lie,
The fame of heroes cannot die.

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
And give his fame to other days !
When strangers came our land to spoil,
Glenarfon, where was he the while ?
Oh ! where was he ?—where should he be ?
Amid his dying foes was he !
Glenarfon's scythe the field did sweep,
Glenarfon's sword the ground did keep.

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
And let his wisdom have our lays !
When the rude spoilers he had spoil'd,
Glenarfon as a dove was mild ;
And where he dwelt was safety felt,
And even justice forth he dealt.
Shall happy days like Arfon's reign,
To Cymru e'er return again ?

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
And let his bounty have our lays !
To feast within his banquet hall,
His bards and warriors he would call ;
And there they drank the honey wine,
And there was sung the lay divine.
But song of bard, and freedom's host,
Oh, Cymru ! are thy glories lost ?

M O R I S A .

Ah me ! that Morisa I never had seen,
The fairest of mortals, of beauty the queen !
I'd then remain'd free as the bird in the air,
But now I am held in the bonds of despair ;
And the chains of her thralldom I cannot resign,
Though I know that Morisa must never be mine.

The eye of Morisa doth pierce like a dart ;
I caught but a glance and it wounded my heart ;
The throb of my bosom is bleeding away ;
My morning is darken'd before it be day ;
Would she look on her victim, with mercy benign,
I could die for Morisa and never repine !

Morisa the beauty, I saw her sweet smile ;
That look might an angel from heaven beguile ;
A radiant loveliness beam'd in her face,
Expressive of dignity, goodness, and grace ;
I then became captive and did not repine,
Though I knew that Morisa must never be mine !

Morisa the lovely, I once heard her sigh ;
There was thought on her brow, and a tear in her eye ;
The spirit of sadness a shadow had thrown
Where the sun-light of beauty so lately had shone ;
But the sigh of her soul had a fragrance divine ;
It was meant for another—it could not be mine !

She is fair as the snow that on Alphian lies ;
She is pure as the ether of heaven's own skies ;
She is modest as innocent beauty can be,
And chaste as the white-bosom'd maid of the sea.
To bow and adore her I could not decline,
Though I knew that Morisa must never be mine !

BRANDRETH'S SOLILOQUY IN PRISON.⁽¹⁰⁾

I must die—but not like a slave,
To his tyrant in penitence bending ;
I shall die like an Englishman brave,
I have liv'd so, and so be my ending !

I must die—and my doom is my pride ;
The death that awaits me is welcome ;
The dæmon's last pang is defied,
But a day of deep vengeance there *will* come.

How shall my blood-shedders repent,
When the nations hot wrath is out pouréd !
The freed world shall hail the event,
And the pride of its despots be loweréd.

They shall howl like the yell of the storm ;
They shall flee like the deer-herd affrighted :
They shall, weeping, lie down with the worm ;
They shall pray, and their prayers shall be slighted—

Whilst vengeance, and guilt, and dismay,
Their blood-scented footsteps pursuing,
Shall chase ev'ry comfort away,
And leave but affliction and ruin !

Their children shall then be like mine,
No father's fond arm to protect them ;
Their ladies in sorrow may pine,
For none will be found to respect them.

What wealth would they freely give then,
For the sleep that I soon shall be sleeping !
To never feel sorrow again—
To know not its watching and weeping !

What wealth would they freely give then
For the grave that poor Brandreth will cover ;
To hide from the hatred of men,
From the terrors which fearfully hover !

And what is the gem they would give
For that conscience this firm heart supporting ;
That when they no longer could live,
They might die with a Brandreth's comportsing !

But conscience can never be bought,
Courage can never be sold :
The villain will die as he ought ;
The good man may always be bold !

L I N E S ,

WRITTEN OCT. 15TH, 1836, BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY DAUGHTER'S
DECEASE, AND TWO YEARS AFTER THAT EVENT.

Dark is the day,
Dun twilight only wakes upon the hill ;
Pale is the ray
Of sunbeam slanting through the wind-gust chill ;
Dim comes the morn,
Cloud-bound and gloomy hangs the brow of noon ;
Evening, down-borne,
Brings o'er us darkness vast,—no star, no moon !

Hark ! to yon sound
By gleam-lit clough, shorn slope, and dusky plain ;
The winds unbound,
Like unseen hunters, hurry past again.
Hark ! to their moan,
Like note of deep-mouth'd hound, afar away ;
Now wilder tone
Is heard,—shrill cry, and wailing of dismay !

Cold is the air—
The burden'd clouds are bow'd with chilly rain ;
Hedges are bare,
And cheerless birds from notes of joy refrain.
The forest stems,
Storm-swept, are waving in the wintry sky ;
Their summer gems
Lie strewn and perishing where mine doth lie.

The dearest gem
That e'er was treasur'd near a parent's heart ;
Too pure a gem
For human life, to heaven she must depart !
Oh ! child of love,
Let us behold thee, earth-ward if thou stray ;
Come from above
On radiant wing, come in thy bright array !

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Oh ! blessed one,
Could we behold thee even as thou wert,
Call thee our own,
And press our angel unto mortal heart !
Then would these tears
Which oft have flowéd since thy dying hour,
Dark months and years,
Be stay'd,—thou still would'st have that soothing pow'r !

HOURS IN THE BOWERS.

Hours more dear than drops of gold
Come when the tender buds unfold ;
Then do I wander to field and glen,
Far as I may for the gentlemen.
Over the blade of em'rald sheen,
Over the herb that creeps between ;
Odours inhaling that sweetly smell,
As I gather the cresses beside the well.

Spring moves on as glad I gaze,
Calling the flowers wherever she strays :
“ Come from the earth, ye dwellers there,
To the blesséd light and the living air ;
For the snowdrop hath warnéd the drift away,
And the crocus awaiteth your company,
And the bud of the thorn is beginning to swell,
And the waters have broken their bonds in the dell.

And are not the hazle and slender bine
Blending their boughs where the sun doth shine ?
And the willow is bringing its downy palm,
Garland for days that are bright and calm ;
And the lady-flow'r waves on its slender stem,
And the primrose peeps like a starry gem ! ”

In sunny nook, where the grass is dry,
Reading I sit, or I musing lie.
Then he ⁽¹¹⁾ who was lost in the ocean main,
Returneth perhaps to my thoughts again ;
Or the twain who fell ⁽¹²⁾ for that “ right divine,”
Which hath fully been prov'd in the battle-line ;
Or the noble bard too soon who died,
Too late for wounded love and pride ;
Or Burns, who only ask'd for bread,
And hath gotten a marble tomb instead !
Or, casting a thought towards sorrows past,
I hope that the last may *remain* the last ;
Or counting the good which hath fall'n to my share,
I thank the Great Being who plac'd it there !

Hark ! from the heavens yon trill of joy !
Child of the sward, art thou up so high ?
“ I can sing on the wing,” the warbler cries,
“ There is life in the gale—I arise, I arise !
Up as I soar it is deep and clear ;
Whilst the earth brings forth, and the germs appear,

Plenty I gather and freely fly—
How happy am I, how happy am I ! ”

By bending dales where groves are seen,
By waters clear, and margins green,
In dim-shed light or open glade,
I wander—or in sunless shade.
Through hoary woods where moss abounds,
By springs and wells with silver sounds,
To pastures where the shamrock grows,
And bowers which none beside me knows.
And often as I lonely walk
I hear the mighty Spirit talk,
From cloud above, from earth below,
Where winds do roll, where waters flow ;
From topmost wave of wildest sea,
To stillest land and inmost lea.
It bids me live, and life to spare ;
It bids me love, and wrath forbear ;
It tells me, justice is not blind ;
It shews me mercy, oh how kind !
It says, if I would happy be,
Virtue must point the way for me !

THE VOICE OF GLENDOUR.

“ Come to glory, come with Glendour,
Freedom sheds immortal splendour !
Owain’s battle-flag is flying,
Maids and wives are wildly crying,
Warriors’ souls are cheering o’er us,
Shame behind, and death before us—
Shame, if basely we surrender,
Die or conquer then with Glendour !

Ye of ancient race, and purest,
Freedom is your guardian surest ;
Could ye bear to live degraded,
Scorn'd as cowards and upbraided ?
Have ye love, and would ye lose it,
If the lordly Saxon chose it ?
Count your treasures worth defending,
All are on your arms depending.

As the sullen thunder breaketh,
Now the roar of war awaketh ;
From unclouded hills and vallies,
All the pride of Cymru rallies. ⁽¹³⁾
See her mailéd army shining,
Like a scaly serpent twining ;
Gripe the pard within thy folding, ⁽¹⁴⁾
Till his death unlocks thine holding !”

THE DYING POET TO HIS DOG.

My old companion, Rover!
More true than human lover,
Our cares are nearly over—
 My triéd friend!
Thy life with mine is wasting,
And welcome death is hasting;
Our poverty and fasting
 Are at an end!

I have sung of Britain's glory,
Of battles fierce and gory,
Of lovely lady's story
 In bow'r so gay!
But the soldier's gone a-fighting,
The lady is delighting,
The poet coldly slighting—
 Ah, well a day!

My wife away hath wander'd,
My children, they are squander'd,
My reputation slander'd;
 Ah, woe to me!
My bloom of life is blighted,
My days, how soon benighted!
My love, my friendship, slighted
 By all but thee!

When plenty round me shower'd,
And blessings on me pour'd,
Ere grim misfortune lour'd;
 Ah, happy day!
Thou ever wert contented,
And more thou never wanted;
Intrusion thou prevented
 With watchful bay!

And when stern ruin rushing,
My airy castles crushing,
Each tone of pleasure hushing,
 Bore me a-down ;
Thou never seemedst coyer,
Thou never playédst shyer,
Thy tail was held no higher,
 My bonny brown !

And when my heart was breaking,
When faithless friends, forsaking,
Were evil of me speaking,
 Where then wert thou ?
I found thee still beside me ;
Though poor, *thou* could'st abide me ;
And death shall not divide me
 From Rover now !

And when disease o'ertook me,
When pains and palsies shook me,
Thou never once forsook me,
 My truest friend !
Thou never didst neglect me,
Thou always wouldst protect me ;
And shall not I respect thee,
 E'en to the end ?

The poet's eye was closing,
His dog beside him dozing,
And heaven, interposing,

Clos'd the sad scene!

The primrose groweth over
The bard, and faithful Rover,
Beneath a fragrant cover
Of broom so green!

GOD HELP THE POOR.

God help the poor, who on this wintry morn
Come forth of alleys dim, and courts obscure !
God help yon poor pale girl, who droops forlorn,
And meekly her affliction doth endure !
God help the outcast lamb ! she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands ;
Her sunken eyes are modestly down cast ;
Her night-black hair streams on the fitful blast ;
Her bosom, passing fair, is half reveal'd,
And, oh ! so cold, the snow lies there congeal'd ;
Her feet benumb'd, her shoes all rent and worn :
God help thee, outcast lamb, who stand'st forlorn !
God help the poor !

God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gate-way; and behold,
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child, to screen it from the cold!
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crush'd and torn;
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:
And there she bides the ruthless gale of morn,
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold!
And now she sudden darts a ravening look,
As one with new hot bread comes past the nook;
And, as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help thee, hapless one forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Behold yon famish'd lad;
No shoes, nor hose, his wounded feet protect;
With limping gait, and looks so dreamy-sad,
He wanders onward, stopping to inspect
Each window stor'd with articles of food.
He yearns but to enjoy one cheering meal;
Oh! to his hungry palate, viands rude
Would yield a zest, the famish'd only feel!
He now devours a crust of mouldy bread;
With teeth and hands the precious boon is torn,
Unmindful of the storm which round his head
Impetuous sweeps. God help thee, child forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Another have I found,
A bow'd and venerable man is he;
His slouchéd hat with fadéd crape is bound;
His coat is grey, and thread-bare too, I see.
"The rude winds" seem to "mock his hoary hair;"
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he turns, and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray;
And looks again, as if he fain would spy
Friends he hath feasted in his better day:
Ah! some are dead, and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn!

God help the poor!

God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow!
Theirs is a story sad indeed to tell;
Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould know
About the toil and want they undergo.
The wearying loom must have them up at morn:
They work till worn-out nature will have sleep;
They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep
Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
The night-storm howls a dirge across the moor.
And shall they perish thus, oppress'd and lorn?
Shall toil and famine hopeless, still be borne?
No! God will yet arise and **HELP THE POOR!**

A VOICE FROM SPAIN.

WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO THE INVASION OF THAT COUNTRY, BY THE FRENCH ARMY
UNDER THE DUKE OF ANGOULEME, FOR THE PURPOSE OF RESTORING
THE "LEGITIMATE POWER" OF THE ATROCIOUS FERDINAND.

Beneath the mighty span of heaven,
And o'er the pathless water,
A voice was heard, a warning given
Of outrage and of slaughter!
To Britain's sons it call'd aloud,
"Arise! for none are braver;
Whilst Freedom die, will you stand by,
And not attempt to save her?"

Yon crownéd foes of human kind *
Have been in consultation,
How they might forge a chain, to bind
The noble Spanish nation.
And now the tyrant of the Gaul
Proclaims the battle gory;
And shall the conflict pass away,
And you not share the glory?

Oh! what is life, unless it be
For noble actions noted?
And what is death unto a life
So worthily devoted!
It takes away the mortal clay;
But He who ruleth o'er us,
High deeds hath placéd where they dwell
Eternally before us.

And is there not in all your isle
One band of hearts undaunted,
Who, hateful of oppression vile,
Would fight when they were wanted?
Come on, ye brave!—come on, ye brave!
The time is now or never;
If Freedom fall before the slave,
Her fall may be for ever!

* The Holy Alliance.

Oh ! leave the sordid wretch behind
To tremble o'er his treasure ;
And the effeminate in mind,
To roll in pride and pleasure :
For heroes true have more in view—
A higher hope they cherish ;
To rest, amid a splendid fame
Until creation perish ! ”

BRIGHT EYES.

Bright eyes! ye fatal ones,
Turn ye away;
Have ye not slain enow
Before to-day?
He of the pallid brow,
So much admired;
He with the gowden hair,
Saw and expir'd!
He of the gentle mein;
One free and bold;
Twain in their downy youth,
Twain grey and old:
Still you another would
Take for your prize;
Turn away, lady, those
Fatal bright eyes!

Sweet lips! ye tempting ones,
What would you say?
Have ye not spoken guile
Oft ere to-day?
Have ye not whisper'd love,
Meaning bright gold?
Suffer'd delusive hope,
Heart being cold?
Set forth your winning smiles
But to allure;
Wounded, and left the wound
Never to cure?
Still you another do
Seek to decoy;
Take, then, your victim,—I'll
Kiss you and die!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN LANCASTER CASTLE, DURING MY CONFINEMENT THERE,
AUGUST, 1819.

Oh ! here is no repining,
Every heart is true and steady ;
Here is no declining,
Still for England's service ready ;
Here is not a tear shed—
Such a weakness, we disdain it ;
Here is not a bow'd head—
Sign of sorrow, we refrain it.
The more the cruel tyrants bind us,
The more united they shall find us !

THE DAY STORM OF THUNDER.

The black clouds hover ;
Frowning masses crowd
Before the sullen wind ;
Darkness spreads around !
A flash doth sever
That impending shroud,
And light gleams forth behind !
The loud, long, thunder sound
Booms o'er the world with crash and dread rebound !

Now, where yon clouds are blending,
Like rolling mists descending,
 The winds awake !
The rain in torrents poureth,
The frozen hail down show'reth,
 The lightnings break.
The pine, which waved to heaven,
Is smitten down and riven ;
 The firm earth shakes ;
Whilst darkening and bright'ning,
Now roaring, and now light'ning,
 The thunder speaks !

What saith that shout of thunder,
In words of awe and wonder ?
 It saith, " I come !
From God's eternal throne,
Who doth the kingdoms own
Of earth and heaven ample,
 I come, I come !
His chariots are unbound ;
Ten thousand thousand trample
 The starry dome
Of creation around.
The wind and rain,
 The fire and snow,
Move in JEHOVAH's train,
 And with his armies go ! "

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE FROM THE KING'S BENCH PRISON,
MAY 15TH, 1820.

I never will forget thee, love !
 Though in a prison far I be ;
I never will forget thee, love !
 And thou wilt still remember me !

I never will forget thee, love !
 When wakes on me the morning light ;
And thou shalt ever present be,
 When cometh down the cloud of night !

I never will forget thee, love !

When summer sheds her golden ray ;
And thou shall be my comforter
Amid the winter's cheerless day !

Oh ! they may bind, but cannot break,
This heart, so full of thine and thee ;
Which liveth only for YOUR sake,
And the high cause of LIBERTY !

A SCENE IN THE SAME PRISON,

ON THE NIGHT OF THE 16TH OF MAY, 1820.

“ Good night,” the brave man said,
As to the door we passed ;
And then he took my hand
And held it very fast.
And he look’d on me with a steadfast eye ;
And there was neither tear nor sigh.

“ Good night, sir,” I replied,
And did his hand detain ;
“ Good night, but, Oh, my friend,
When shall we meet again ? ”
And then I felt a tear *would* stray,
And so I turned and came away.

They took him on the morn,
Unto a prison sure;
Where the arch enemy
Might hold her prey secure :
But the Patriot's God is with him gone,
And he will not be left alone !

HYMN TO HOPE.

WRITTEN IN LINCOLN CASTLE.

TUNE—"THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE."—*Hebrew Melody.*

When Freedom bade adieu,
And for a while withdrew,
There was a light of heavenly hope that kept in view ;
Afar it faintly shone,
As might some star alone,
That rode amid the storm when all the rest were gone.

And as I gaz'd, its light
Grew brighter and more bright,
Until it seemed to triumph o'er the shades of night ;
And then 'twas like a day
Arising far away,
And bringing back the golden hours of liberty!

No dark'ning cloud was there,
But all was bright and fair :
Ee'n brighter seem'd chains which hung around my lair.
Ah ! though the great combine
The lowly to confine,
They cannot darken out the ray of hope divine !

And though unfeeling might
Affections dear may blight,
And though beneath the arm of pow'r doth bend the right,
This cannot always be,—
The millions will be free,
Oh ! they will rise to vindicate humanity.

To God my thanks ascend,
Who doth my steps attend,
For He hath ever been to me a mighty friend ;
His wing hath been my shield,
His hand hath been my stay,
As through a dark and stormy world I sought my way !

W I N T E R .

How fearful, yet how mournful, is the tone
Of Winter, howling in his stormy zone !
O'erwhelming pow'r, from night-bound realms afar,
Who lead'st the wrathful elements to war ;
Whose voice is heard when storms in chorus sing ;
Whose breath doth icy desolation bring ;
Who piles the clouds, or rends them as he goes,
Melts into floods, or freezes into snows ;
O'er wither'd regions doth the Giant stride,
Lifts his dark hand, and turns the sun aside !

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE DURING HER RECOVERY
FROM A LONG ILLNESS.

The youthful bard doth chant his lay
To nymph or goddess fair ;
The thirsty bard doth Bacchus pray
For wine to drown his care ;
And some have sung of olden time,
And feats of chivalrie ;
And shall not I address a rhyme,
My dear own wife, to thee ?

Full thirty years have o'er us pass'd
Since thou and I were wed,
And Time hath dealt us many a blast,
And somewhat bow'd thine head,
And torn thy hair, thy bright brown hair,
That stream'd so wild and free;
But oh! thy tresses still are fair
And beautiful to me !

Yes, Time hath ta'en thy lily hand,
And chill'd thy stream of life;
And scor'd some channels with his wand,
As envying thee, my wife :
But let not sorrow make thee sigh,
Nor care thy heart distress ;
Though health do fail, and charms do fly,
Thy husband will thee bless !

Aye, bless thy cheek, all worn and wan—
With beauty once beset ;
The red rose leaves, my love, are gone ;
The pale ones linger yet :
And bless thy care be-clouded brow,
And bless thy dimméd sight ;
Can I forget the time when thou
Wert my young morning-light ?

Oh, morning light!—Oh, early love!

Oh, hours that swiftly flew!

Oh, love! the sun was far above

Before we miss'd the dew.

We rang'd the bow'rs, we cull'd the flow'rs,

All heedless of the day;

And, love-beguil'd, to wood and wild,

We wander'd far away.

We rang'd the bow'rs, we cull'd the flow'rs,

By upland and by dell;

And many a night, by pale moonlight,

We sought the lonely well.

And many a night, when all above

Shone not one star-lit ray;

And was not I thy Wizard, love?

And wert not thou my Fay?

One arm was o'er thy shoulder cast;

One hand was held in thine;

Whilst thy dear arm, my youthful waist

Did trustfully entwine:

And through the night, all still and stark,—

No other footsteps near,

We stray'd, and, love, it was not dark,—

My light of life was there!

Oh, light of love!—Oh, early born!
Love-born, and lost too soon!
Oh, love! we often thought it morn,
When it was early noon;
And, love! we thought it still was noon,
When eve came o'er the land;
And, love! we deem'd it wondrous soon
When midnight was at hand.

And when at length we needs must part,
And could no longer stay;
Still hand in hand, and heart by heart,
We homewards took our way:
The wild flowers lav'd our ling'ring feet,
The woodbine shed its dew;
And o'er the meads and pastures sweet,
The night-wind freely blew.

The rubies from thy lips may fade,
Thy cheek be pale and cold;
But thou wert mine, a youthful maid,
And I'll be thine when old!
I see those tears that grateful start,
Oh! turn them not aside;
But, dear one! come unto my heart,
As when thou wert my bride.

THE WITCH O' BRANDWOOD.

A SKETCH FOR A STATUE.

A beldame came to lofty Scout,*
What time the old year dwindled out ;
She was the last of all that race
Whose deeds our Northern stories grace ;
And in her youth had join'd the crew
Which Walsden Clough and Wuerdale knew.
Much to the good folks' dread and woe,
Some threscore years and ten ago.

* Scout Edge, near Duerden Moor, in the township of Shuttleworth.

The night was dark, the wind was high ;
There was a tumult in the sky ;
As if amid the ærial space
Some mighty change was taking place.
O'er wintry Holcome, t'wards the west,
The elements were ill at rest,
And, mingled with the troubled air,
Were sounds of lamentation there ;
And mournful, over hill and dell,
Were heard the words " Farewell! farewell!"

Then flash'd athwart th' abyss of night,
Through startled heaven, a stream of light ;
And winds were heard with fearful howl,
T'wards Rooly Moor, and cheerless Knowl ;
And darkness for a while gave way
Before that ghast and lurid ray !

The beldame's cloak of seam and shred
Flew back, and to the wind was spread ;
The hood, her face was muffled round,
Her brow with striped kerchief bound ;
Nor did the wind her bosom spare—
One wither'd pap hung cold and bare :
Her outstretch'd arms were long and thin,
The great veins crept beneath her skin

Like worms. that had begun to glide
Around her carcase, ere it died :
And thus, with unaverted eye,
She gaz'd towards that howling sky,
And, with storm-piercing shriek, she cried,
"New year, I hail thine early tide,
And hither come I to demand,
What weal or woe for Spodden-land ? "

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN PETER SPINTHREED, A COTTON MANUFACTURER, AND ZEKIL
LITHEWETUR, A HAND-LOOM WEAVER.

Written on the coming in of the Canning Administration.

PETER—Well, Zekil, hasto' yerd o' th' reawt,
'At's takken place at Lundun?
King George has turn't hisselt' obeawt,
An' Ministers are undun;
Sin' Liverpool laid by his shoon,
O' nait wi' gowden clinkers,
The growl has to a battle groon,
A' Cannin's bitten th' blinkers.

ZEKIL—An' what by that? he'r nere a friend
To my poor hungry belly;
An' though he shift, unless he mend
He's still a nowty felley.
“No honest mon,” sed Billy Pit,
“Con ston i' sitch a station;”
An' he who creeps or flies to it,
Mun sacrifice the nation.

PETER—Pshaw ! none o' thy reformin' slang,
 Suspicious an' despondin',
 I tell thee, things win goo none wrang
 When Cannin' gets his hond in.
 He'll make the Yankees an' the Dons
 Buy cals an' calimancos ;
 Put th' Kurn-bill i' the divel's hors
 'At it no moor may dank * us.

ZEKIL—O' that may be I dunna deawt,
 He's thick enoof wi' Sooty ;
 He'll bring moor marrokles obeawt
 I'th' way o' wage an' booty.
 But con he satisfy the debt,
 An' staunch thoose drainin' penshuns ?
 Till then, a trade we ne'er shall get
 For eawr “ sublime invenshuns.”

PETER—He'll geythur reawn'd him o' the peaw'r
 An' patronage o' th' nation ;
 Ther's Lord MacCringe, and Lord MacKeaw'r,
 Mun each fill op a station ;
 Whilst Sir John Cop' † mun sit at top,
 Upon a seek o' clippins ; ‡
 Eh ! Zekil, that's a glorious shop—
 Wot carvings an' wot drippins !

* *Dank* or *Donk* ; damp, depressing. † Sir John Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst.

‡ *Clippins* ; wool—the wool sack.

ZEKIL—He geythur ought! he'll geythur nowt :

Hooa tarries to be groated!

These Tories are like summer brids,

Wi' him they'n not be sawted.

An' Wellington has laft the drill,

An' Lowther's off i' anger ;

An' Peel has bowt a spinnin' mill,

An' Eldon deawts no langer.

PETER—An' wot cares he, if o' that swarm

Desart his cause, an' hate him ?

One jink o' gowd will theawsuns arm

Prepar't to vindicate him.

O'er brucks an' briggs dun gallop Whigs,

Wi' whip an' spur unscanted,

An' Brougham up to Lunnun trigs

To see if he be wanted.*

So Zekil, go to th' kitchin door,

To-day theawst hav' a treatin'.

An' presently wur Zekil poor,

Beside the window waitin' ;

When forth coom Miss, all don'd i' silk,

Enoof to captivate us—

Hoo gan poor Zeke some buttermilk,

An' a plate o' cowl potatoes!

* It was stated in the Newspapers, that Mr. Brougham had left the North in post-haste for London, on hearing of the change in the Administration.

E P I T A P H

ON A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS DROWNED.*

Not human speech nor human wail can tell
The grief of heart for one beloved so well :
In strength of life he left his home at morn,
And back, at noon, a pallid corse was borne.
Humid and cold, they brought him from the deep,
To breaking hearts, to eyes that could not weep.
Oh, cease to mourn ! in life we are in death,
And life is but a shadow and a breath.
Oh, cease to mourn ! learn meekly to obey ;
The Lord who gave, might surely take away !

* The lines, after being written at the instance of a relative of the deceased, were submitted to the revision of a cobbler of rhymes, at Royton, and, as might be expected, a sad botch of them appears on a stone in the chapel-yard of that place.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND, JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF OLDHAM.

Oh Death, how placid is thy sleep !
The seal of a long dreamless rest ;
No breath to sigh, no tear to weep,
No trouble to disturb that breast :
The music of thy voice is o'er,
Thine eye shall wake to light no more !

Death comes, and none may linger then ;
The great one from his throne descends,
And mingles with his fellow men,
And all his pomp and splendour ends ;
And with the lowest lieth he,
Forgetful of his dignity.

And he, who in a low estate
Hath mourn'd beside that guilty throne,
Is on a level with the great,
Whose grave shall be as dark and lone ;
For when a tyrant bows the head,
What tears of grief are ever shed ?

O ! may we live a worthy life,
And may we die a worthy death ;
Whether we fall in freedom's strife,
Or calmly we resign our breath,
There is a voice of truth to tell,
Of him who hath deserved well.

E P I T A P H

ON A BOY, WHO, HAVING SUFFERED UNDER A LONG AND WASTING
SICKNESS, WAS FOUND UNEXPECTEDLY DEAD.

“Lie low, and thou shalt have good rest, my child,”
Spake his fond mother, as she smooth’d his bed;
The long-enduring sufferer meekly smil’d.

At morn, his corse was there, his spirit fled!
And so, indeed, the patient child found rest,
His dust with dust, his soul with angels blest!

LA LYONNAISE,

FROM THE

FRENCH OF BERANGER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO EBENEZER ELLIOTT, WHO, OF ALL THE
ENGLISH BARDS, HAS PLEADED MOST ELOQUENTLY AND
PERSEVERINGLY THE CAUSE OF THE LABOURING
MILLIONS.

THIS Poem was first published in April, 1839; it was inscribed, as at present, to the before-mentioned bard, and was addressed to "The Hand-Loom Weavers of Lancashire, and the Persons styled Chartists," in the hope that the reading of the piece, with the accompanying introductory remarks, and the post-scriptum (for which see note 15), might have some effect in counteracting the baneful influence of the Chartist demagogues, who, having wickedly devised the plan of "a National Holiday," or "Sacred Month," as they called it, were then urging their followers to attempt carrying it into effect.

Whatever of an exciting tendency was to be found in the Poem, brought with it, in the same pages, a counteracting admonition; and the author hopes it was not then, nor has been since, altogether forgotten, either by the employers or the employed.

LA LYONNAISE.⁽¹⁵⁾

I.

Misery our cup hath filled ;
Our workmen have not bread to nourish !
Their breath, by cold and hunger chilled ;
They faint, and at their looms do perish.
Yet they are sons of France, the noble :
For three long years their cries resounded ;
Was nothing due to faith unbounded ?
But, kings were listless of their trouble.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose !

II.

Noble and industrious city,
Thy chiefs regard not thy complaining ;
Thy traitor chiefs, remorse nor pity
That felt, when tears of thine were raining.
Unseen thy tears, unheard thy prayers ;
Unto the bayonet they gave thee,
With none to succour, none to save thee ;
The suff'ring thine, the guilt is theirs.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose.

III.

People, and soldiers, silence ! silence !
In camp, and crowded neighbourhood :
The boon of food—the doom of violence,
Is bread, is bread !—is blood, is blood !
You hear these words ; who hath them spoken ?
They are the words of your elected ;
Your traitors, chosen and protected :
Then, die ! or be your fetters broken.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose !

IV.

Elected you those chieftains savage ?

Insensible to your afflictions ;

What votes have they, by bribes and ravage ?

What votes have you, with all restrictions ?

They scarce, two hundred thousand counted ;
To talk of rights, is but a fable :

Uplift your heads now, whilst you're able,

Nor longer crouch, to be surmounted.

Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :

Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose !

V.

The public will, in ascertaining,
Each Frenchman's voice should have expression.

Oh man ! cast off thy bonds restraining ;
Arise ! and claim thy lost possession.

For forty years our steps were tending
Towards that noble consummation,
When lowest and the highest station

Were citizen, all orders blending.

Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :

Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose !

VI.

Where suffrage is not universal,
There is no freedom for the nation ;
The blight of tyranny doth curse all
Exceptive modes of legislation.

The wish of all should be construed,
Whate'er results from their opinion ;
Free Sparta gave two kings dominion,
And kingless Venice was subdued.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose !

VII.

By tame submission, sacrilegious,
What fruits do Frenchmen hope to gather ?
Proud deputies and laws outrageous,
To bind and keep them in a tether.

In brutish silence they would hold us,
Forbiding e'en our just complaining :
Whilst hunger, more and more constraining,
Our reason scarcely hath controll'd us.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes :
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose

VIII.

Lo ! pale with fury, Lyons trembles !
The steel is pointed, deep to wound her ;
Her voice a myriad brave assembles,
And war awakes within, around her.

Five days—five horrid days of burning,
Carnage, insatiate and untiring,
Walk'd blood-shod o'er the pale expiring :
Not even at the altar turning.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

IX.

Are these men from a land of strangers ?
These men who form the middle classes ?
With fire and poinard as avengers,
Their hatred of the poor surpasses.

They are not from the Tartar regions,
For Paris Tartar chiefs respected ;
But Lyons, ruin'd and dejected,
Encounter'd more vindictive legions.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

X.

KILL is the word, till all have perish'd—
Seven thousands fall of wrath ferocious !

From dreams of glory, fondly cherish'd,
We wake to massacre atrocious.

Those standards, which so proudly floated
When Napoleon led to glory,
With blood of Frenchmen now are gory ;

No longer unto fame devoted.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

XI.

Of the Republic unsubdued
Be silent—speak not of its fury ;
Although its track was steeped and strewed
With tears, and blood, and deep injury !

Its brave defence was ever glorious,
And back it drove the fierce invaders,
None daring to become degraders

Of a Republic so victorious.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

XII.

But, in these days, where is the glory
By which we might have been consoled ?
Not soldiers, marching to victory,
Base gens d' armes have our rights controlled.
From giant splendour, how estranged !
Our accents wake but tones of sorrow ;
A night is come that knows no morrow—
Pure gold to bloody bullets changed.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

XIII.

A wailing comes from Lyons, woeful !
France echoes by her lamentation ;
Fright ! horror ! hatred ! fierce and awful
Awaken the astonished nation.
The private orders now are ready ;
All is foreseen, but nought prevented ;
A tempest sweeps the discontented—
A tempest, horrible and bloody ;

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

XIV.

In Paris, the heroic city,
Behold the gens d'armes quickly flying,
Alert for strife, averse to pity ;
They thirst for blood, they scent the dying.
The army joins them, hesitating :
They vanquish, but the child, the mother—
They will not in that carnage smother
Those tender ones, whilst supplicating.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose :
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

XV.

Alas ! to their retreats they follow,
The stripling and the grandsire hoary ;
The wounded, as in blood they wallow,
The wife, that weeps beside them gory !
The feeble dame, devoutly praying,
The angel virgin, o'er them bending,
A few brave hearts are still defending ;
An army, mercilessly slaying.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose :
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes !

XVI.

And they are slain ! the tumult hush'd !
The people prison-dens encumber ;
The vengeance which a king hath wish'd,
His peers will not permit to slumber.

To read, to meet, we are denied—
The oppression is beyond our bearing ;
Our tyrants more and more unsparing.

To arms ! be tyranny destroyed.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose ;
Soldiers, come join the people ; and cursed be our foes !

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 5.

In idea and expression, there is considerable similarity betwixt this poem and the "King Death" of Barry Cornwall. The *Pass of Death* was published in the *Morning Herald* very soon after Mr. Canning's decease, probably before his funeral took place. "King Death," if the author mistake not, made its appearance long afterwards.

NOTE 2, PAGE 18.

OAPHIN, as pronounced by the inhabitants of the district, or Alphan, as spelled by some authors, is a high, and when clear from snow, dark-looking hill, in the parish of Saddleworth, and the West Riding of the county of York. It is a prominent object in nearly all the elevated views of the Eastern and Southern parts of the county of Lancaster ; and is distant from the borders of the county about four miles. There are many reasons for supposing that this mountainous district was an occasional retreat, if not a permanent residence, of the Britons, ere they disappeared before their Saxon and Danish invaders. At the foot of the Northern and most elevated part of OAPHIN, runs the small river Tame, watering a fertile valley, beautiful when smiling in the calm sunshine ; and further again to the North, opposite to OAPHIN, rises the crag of Oaderman—"The giant snouted crags, ho ho !"

Here is, or recently was, a remarkable upright stone called "Th' owd Mon," said to have been an object of worship with the Britons, probably also with the Pagan Saxons ; as its name, as well as that of the

hill on which it stands, is derived from their language. At a short distance, on the same ridge of hills, is a rock called "the Pancake;" supposed to have been a Druidical altar. In the third volume of "*The Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*," it is described as "of an irregular square form, with obtuse angles," having "on its surface four basons hollowed in the stone; the largest, being nearly in the centre, is capable of holding eight or ten gallons." There is also a hollow, or trough upon it, called "Robin Hood's bed," probably used for the reception of sacrificial victims; whilst the four hollows were calculated to contain either fire or liquids. Possibly on this altar, sacrifices were offered by the Druids. In the vicinity are vestiges of British and Roman roads, and their fortifications at Melandra, Buckton, and Castle Shaw may still be traced.

NOTE 3, PAGE 21.

This was the first of my printed productions, and appeared in Harrop's *Manchester Volunteer*, with the signature of "JEFFREY."

NOTE 4, PAGE 27.

I have been informed, since the verses referred to were written, that I was mistaken as to this point, and that there is, amongst the ruins of Leicester Abbey, an inscription commemorative of the death and burial of the great Cardinal.

NOTE 5, PAGE 39.

It was about the year 1827 that, being employed as a correspondent to the *Morning Herald*, the worthy and amiable proprietor of that paper expressed a wish to see me in London, when the verses to which this note refers were transmitted as containing some of my reasons for preferring to remain at home at that time. On the invitation being repeated, I visited London in 1828, and the reception I experienced

from Mr. Thwaites (the gentleman alluded to) formed a striking contrast to the questionable kindness of others connected with the establishment. He was, indeed, to me an estimable friend—a man without guile—and so remained until a year or two afterwards, when paralysis laid prostrate his bodily and mental powers. Peace be to his shade and honour to his name!

The Poem has been set to music by Mr. W. C. Ridings, of Middleton. Music composed by a working man! to words written by a fellow labourer! This is somewhat new, and indicates what may be expected from “the labouring classes” in times to come. The music is, I believe, published by Hime, of St. Ann’s-square, Manchester; and is certainly sold by the talented composer at Middleton.

NOTE 6, PAGE 43.

I may say that I have indeed lived to see somewhat of “Freedom’s triumphing sublime,” and hope to see more; not of dagger and torch, and Chartist mob-freedom, but of the freedom which allows all right and no wrong—all good, and no evil—freedom founded on truth and justice, and carried out according to those principles. The Reform Bill was a beginning towards this noble end; it struck at, and cut off, too, the root of the boroughmongering system. It has been often said “the Whigs never *did* anything,” but assertion is not proof, and those who deny that the Whigs, supported by the people, made a great step there, and a right one, are either incapable of reasoning, or unwilling to admit its conclusions. The Reform Bill, besides its immediate object, was the charter of a fresh principle, which, in after-times, will be called into action for the annihilation of others—of all monopolies—and may God speed it!

As to the “Fame,” which my even until now, unknown friend awarded me, I have also obtained a portion of that. But, what is Fame—what its practical result? Get thee up to Burns’ monument in Scotland, and behold it there. Try to eat thee a cake from it if thou be hungry, or mantle thee in its shadow for warmth if thou be cold. Try that, and then thou shalt know what Fame has done

for one of the greatest of nature's nobility, as well as what she has not done. Such is Fame! Alas, how many have followed, adoring her through the world, and at last have perished, frozen in her embrace!

NOTE 7, PAGE 49.

This story, as intimated, is mainly founded on traditionary reminiscences, many of which are current amongst the old people of the district. Sir Ashton Lever, of Alkrington, is still represented in these old stories as the accepted lover (accepted by the lady) of Miss Assheton, eldest daughter, and with her sister Eleonor, co-heiress of Sir Raphe Assheton, lord of all the lands of Middleton, Thornham, Pilsworth, Unsworth, Radcliffe, Great and Little Lever, and Ainsworth. Sir Ashton Lever was the first Knight of his name, and the last. He was of a line not as anciently titled as the Asshetons, and consequently, as is supposed, his attentions were not quite agreeable to the proud old baronet. Some stories impute his rejection to a personal difference betwixt the two families. However, it was the breaking off of the match has always been considered by the residents of the district as unfortunate to both the properties; that of Middleton might certainly as well have been annexed to Hanover as to Gunton. Sir Ashton Lever in after years expended vast sums in establishing the Leverian Museum. He was an excellent bowman, and a fearless rider, and tradition has handed down stories of feats of horsemanship analogous to those recited in the ballad, accompanied with sage insinuations that no horse could have carried him, save one of more than earthly breed, or human training. That he performed the daring feat of riding at full gallop down the long and precipitous flight of steps leading from Rochdale Church-yard into Packer-street, and up again, is still considered as doubtless as is the existence of the steps which remain there. He latterly sold many farms and plots of land, for sums to be paid yearly during his life, and soon after died suddenly at the Bull's Head Inn, at Manchester. Rumour said at the time, that he died by his own hand.

The lady was married to Harbord Harbord, Esq., nephew and heir of Sir William Morden, of Gunton, in Norfolk, and afterwards the first Lord Suffield; who took with her the estates of Middleton and Thornham. After the connexion the lady seldom visited the Hall of her fathers, and the ancient portion of it was levelled with the ground. It was one of the finest old relics of the sort in the county; built of plaster and frame-work, with pannels, carvings, and massy black beams, strong enough for a mill floor. The yard was entered through a low wicket at a ponderous gate, the interior was laid with small diamond-shaped flags, a door on the left led into a large and lofty hall, hung round with match-locks, swords, targets, and hunting weapons, intermixed with trophies of the battle-field and the chase. But all disappeared before the spirit of vandalism which commanded the annihilation of that most interesting relic of an ancient line.

With respect to the other personages and accessories to the story, it may be mentioned that "the wither'd crone" was in being in the author's days. "Owd Mal o' Cambeshur" was a name of terror to the children, and of questionable import to their elders. The "ruinous cottage" at Cambeshire has fared better than the bride's chamber at the lordly hall; it has been improved, and is now inhabited by the family of a weaver; a "cunning woman," or fortune-teller, may, however, still be found on the spot, or near it. The place is at Cambe-shire, on the top of Bowlee, in the township of Heaton. Sometimes it is called Katty Green.

"The old woodlands of Bowlee" have long since disappeared before the axe; and all the best timber of the two townships of Middleton and Thornham has shared the same fate; the country has, in fact, been pretty well swept out.

It may be supposed that the idea of the "black horse" was derived from the horse "Darkness" in the splendid and surpassing poem of FÆSTUS. But though there never was an author who wrote in the English language from whom I should feel less humbled by borrowing a stray gem,—he having plenty to spare, thickly strewn, and brilliant as stars also,—yet, as such was not the case, I should be wrong in

letting it be so supposed. I have never, to my knowledge, had the poem "FESTUS" in my hand, and I certainly never heard the passage referred to read, nor had any idea of its existence, until the evening of the 4th of the present January, 1843, which I had the pleasure of spending, with other friends, in company with the author of that imperishable production, "FESTUS."

NOTE 8, PAGE 63.

A singular instance of the extent to which ignorance will sometimes carry impudence was, a year or two ago, exhibited in connexion with this poem. A young fellow named Milne, a book-keeper, residing at Rochdale, laid claim, with the most grave assurance, to the authorship of the lines. The circumstance was made known to me, and when I met him shortly after, he seriously repeated what he had previously asserted. Amused at his easy manner, but nearly out of patience with his unconscionable falsehood, I asked him "Did he ever write a line of poetry before he produced 'Tim Bobbin Grave?'" The answer was "No." "Had he ever written one line since?" "No." "Could he tell me in what publication it first appeared?" "No." "Could he tell me the month or the year when it was written?" "No." I then told him in unmistakable terms what he was; and left him the laughing-stock of the company.

NOTE 9, PAGE 77.

THE PREDICTION was first published in a small work of mine called "The Weaver Boy," printed in 1817, and sold at the office of the *Observer* newspaper in "Market-street Lane," Manchester. I lay not any claim to the inspiration of a prophetic bard—but by one of those coincidences for which we cannot account, The Prediction was singularly verified in several of its main points, by the death of Lord Castlereagh; who, however, notwithstanding what I had written, had long been clear of any ill wish of mine before he went.

NOTE 10, PAGE 86.

Jeremiah Brandreth, William Turner, and — Lindlam, were executed at Derby, in November, 1817, after having been tried, with fifteen others, and found guilty of High Treason. The whole were victims of a plot proposed and matured by the villain Oliver, the paid and protected agent of the Sidmouth and Castlereagh administration. The conduct of Brandreth, both in prison, and on the scaffold, was represented in the public prints as being such as would have done honour to any sufferer, and it required not any great exercise of the imagination to picture such a man, so circumstanced, as expressing all the sentiments of the soliloquy. The Turners were most unfortunate ; William was executed, and his brother and nephew, a youth of nineteen years of age, were transported for life.

There are some harrowing details connected with the event. Their mother died shortly after, it is said, of a broken heart. The fifteen others were transported for life ; five have since died, and it has been said the remaining ten have, through the interference of humane friends, each received a free pardon.

NOTE 11, PAGE 93.

This passage refers to the fate of an early play-mate, who went to sea and was lost. For years he was before the author, both in his sleeping dreams and waking reveries. He could not believe that his friend had ceased to exist, but consoled himself by the persuasion that he had only disappeared for a time in captivity, and would certainly return. Alas ! he has never returned.

NOTE 12, PAGE 93.

Two brothers, James and Samuel Bamford, young men, distant relatives of the author, and both serjeants in the 6th regiment of

foot, fell at the battle of Orthes, in France. The following copy of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell to their aged and afflicted mother, does himself nearly as much honour as the two brothers.

“ Kingston, Upper Canada, 10th August, 1814.

“ MADAM,

I regret that the circumstance of the 1st battalion 6th regiment being eternally in motion, has prevented my communicating with you on the subject of your worthy, and by me, lamented sons, since they fell in their country's service at the battle of Orthes, on the 27th of last February. The eldest died, on the field of action, the death of a gallant soldier ; the younger, in consequence of a severe wound received on that day, died in the hospital on the 12th of March following. They were both serjeants ; both bore excellent characters, and their loss has been severely mourned by every one that knew them. The only consolation you can have, or I can convey to you for their loss, is the conviction that they lost their lives, bravely maintaining their country's rights and national character.

(Signed)

“ A. CAMPBELL,

“ Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding 6th Regiment.

“ Mrs. Ann Bamford, Middleton.”

Major J. Thomas Robertson, of the same battalion, bore still higher testimony to the merits of these two heroes “ unknown to fame.” In a letter to the managers of the Patriotic Fund, dated Chippawa, 10th Dec., 1814, he begged, in the strongest manner, to “ recommend the case of the Widow Bamford, of Middleton, in the county of Lancaster, the mother of the two serjeants Bamford, who were killed in the battle of Orthes, on the 27th February,” and added, “ as the Commanding Officer of the corps they so honourably served in, he has to repeat that the conduct of these two individuals was unexceptionable in their respective situations. Their zealous attention to their various duties had long marked them for promotion ; and their gallantry and bravery on the day in which they unfortunately fell, was the admiration of every man in the regiment who witnessed it.” And to his own honour he goes

on :—" Under these circumstances, it is but the duty of the officer in command of their regiment to request attention to their unfortunate mother ; and if any relief can be afforded her from the patriotic fund, he conceives no person can have so strong a claim to it." The widowed and heart-broken mother never received a single farthing from the fund.

NOTE 13, PAGE 96.

Cymru, Wales, is pronounced Kumry, and is probably either the root of, or a derivation from Gomery, the county of Gomer, which might lead to the supposition that Gomer was the founder of the ancient Britons.

NOTE 14, PAGE 96.

The cognizance of the ancient kings of England, was—Three Leopards en passant on a Field Or.

NOTE 15, PAGE, 135.

TO THE HAND-LOOM WEAVERS OF LANCASHIRE, AND TO THE
PERSONS STYLED CHARTISTS.
COUNTRYMEN,

This Poem, which is a translation of one of the songs of Beranger, the French Poet, is presented to you in the hope, that a picture so truthful of your own condition and fate, should you tempt the latter, may excite in your minds a train of sober reflection, and induce you to pause in the career you have undertaken. The last sad catastrophe of the Poem has not yet been enacted upon you ; and it remains to be seen whether some English Beranger, if such may be found, shall have to record your appeal to arms, and the terrible retaliations of war and laws.

The story of the Poem in prose, may be necessary to some of you.

The Weavers of Lyons, in 1834, I believe it was, turned out against some trade regulations supposed to bear heavily on their

domestic comforts and political rights. Terms were mutually proposed and rejected; the workmen took arms, and the laws were broken by individuals of their body. The police, and *gens-d'armes*, (military constables,) were repulsed; troops of the line were called in; the workmen barricaded streets and fortified houses; and after a series of contests during five days—"five horrid days,"—the workmen were overpowered, and seven thousand of them being slain, the insurrection was put down. The labourers of Paris rose to avenge their brethren of Lyons; troops of the line were marched against them; the labourers were beaten in every direction; they fled; they were hunted to their retreats; and, with their wives, children, and parents clinging around them, all were slaughtered; the inhabitants of nearly whole streets were massacred; the innocent, the guilty, the young, the aged, the women with the men; and the result of this horrible sacrifice was, as described in the last verse;—

"The oppression is beyond our bearing;

"Our tyrants more and more unsparing."

Unfortunately for the too brave French, their common appeal against all grievances has been, "To arms!" And their indomitable Poet naturally falls in with the sentiment of the nation. By arms, in *three days*, (the glorious ones), they obtained freedom! and *they lost it in one!*—a lesson to make the heart bleed, were it not perhaps sternly necessary to admonish mankind, that, without high wisdom and entire self-devotion, mere valour is helpless, as a blind man without his guide.

When the Greeks sent out Diomedes, their *bravest*, they sent with him Ulysses, their *wisest*: our neighbours, the French, have too often depended on bravery alone, and we have seen their misfortunes in consequence. Warned by their sufferings Englishmen should take care that wisdom accompanies their valour.

Happily for you, my Countrymen, there is not any necessity for an appeal to arms. You have better means in hand; if reason and right are on your side, they will prevail. Turn, then, from the precipice to which you have been led blindfolded, by men worse than

blind. Tear off your bandages ; look around, and retrace your steps. Be not ashamed to do so ; 'tis creditable to renounce error. Come back with lightened hearts to your own firesides, as yet undarkened by crime ; endearments are still awaiting you ; know their value ; husband the few comforts yet remaining to yourselves and families ; buy food, clothing, such as you may ; *not arms!* they will be at hand when nothing else will suffice ; and, do not forget, that he is the best reformer amongst you, who, in proportion to his means, best nurtures his family and instructs his children.

In such a course you would become superior to all oppression ; you would have the sympathy of the good of all mankind on your side ; and you would assuredly triumph. But, *one day of outrage* would cover you with horror ; all would be against you ; and the freedom which is now brightening in your horizon, would be darkened during another twenty years.

It is true, the middle and upper classes have not dealt justly towards you ; they have not cultivated that friendship of which you are susceptible, and more worthy than they ; had they done so, you would not have been in the hands you now are. But you can look above this misdirected pride, and pity it. The rich have been as unfortunate in their ignorance of your worth, as you have in the absence of their friendship. All ranks have been in error as it respects their relative obligations ; and prejudice has kept them strangers and apart. But the delusion is passing away like darkness before the sun ; and, knowledge, against which gold is powerless, comes like the spreading day, raising the children of toil, and making their sweat drops more honourable than pearls.

Away, then, with the dagger and the pike, ere you become brigands and outlaws ! Turn from those who are hallooing you on to havock ! Let your dream of rapine be dispelled ! and the proud ones of the land shall soon know that you are more nobly proud than themselves.

With respect to the Government it would appear as if

"All were foreseen, but not prevented."

Does it also wait until

“A tempest sweeps the discontented;

“A tempest horrible and bloody?”

I wish it may not be so; but if the surmise should be prophetic—if the government, for its own inscrutable reasons, seemingly averts its attention from the public welfare; if it *apparently* ceases to care for the people; the more should the people care for themselves. Stand aloof then, ye well disposed of my Countrymen, that if peace be outraged until justice retaliates, it may smite those only who have provoked the blow.

I am,

yours truly,

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

APRIL 20TH, 1839.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

There is more of romance than of philosophy in the exhortation of the poet, “To arms!” and it might be taken for a cruel sarcasm did we not feel assured that the ardent and sincere Beranger could mean no such thing. There is somewhat however, of a strange feeling in the battle cry to the dead; to the expiring, and the dungeon-bound people; and not less inconsistent is the invitation for the Soldiers to come and join them; join the people they had butchered or taken captive! But this apart; was it ever known that the army of a state joined a class, and that class the poorest, against the order of society? The French army did not, and it was imbued with liberal opinions. Neither the English army, or any portion of it, *ever* made cause with the working classes against the rich; nor would it *now*,

though some persons pretend to believe otherwise; a cruel and atrocious pretence. But why should it *now*, more than at another time? What is there in the position of the working classes *now* that could offer security to the army? They could not find it a basis to rest upon; they have no more cohesion of numbers, or concentration of will or action, than had the masses which time has swept away; no more adherence than the dust of the plain scattered by the wind. They attend meetings certainly, and hear speeches, foolish ones for the most part, (saying nothing of the other sort), they pass resolutions; shout when they are asked to shout, and groan when they are bid to groan; they buy *portraits* of *men*, whom they follow instead of principles; and are amused with hopes delusive as the base of the rainbow, never to be found. From the heart of their chartist convention to their smallest group they are weakened by envy, jealousy, doubt, and personal dislikes; on two points only are they agreed, namely, the chartists, that they *will* have the charter; and their leaders that *they* must have the rent!!

The salvation of a people must come at last from their own *heads* and *hearts*; souls must be matured, giving life to healthful minds. Hands may be learned to use weapons, and the feet to march, but the warriors who take freedom and keep it, must be armed from within.

S. B.

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